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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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Luxemburg.

The speck, no larger than a man's hand, which appeared on the horizon only a short time ago, has now rapidly covered the political sky with heavy war clouds. Each day the brief utterances of the Atlantic Cable show that the bursting of the storm comes nearer and nearer, and it is not uninteresting to remark how the predictions of the European newspapers received by steamers, though uttered in the most solemn and oracular manner, are falsified before their arrival by the actual events. The history of this quarrel between France and Prussia is not hard to understand, even by those unused to the intricacies of European politics. Here is no question of disputed succession to a territory—no pretense of oppressed nationalities—no allegation of rights long dormant which it is now convenient to assert, if necessary, by force. The case lies in much smaller compass, and is, we think, open to the most ordinary understanding.

We are no believers in what are called natural

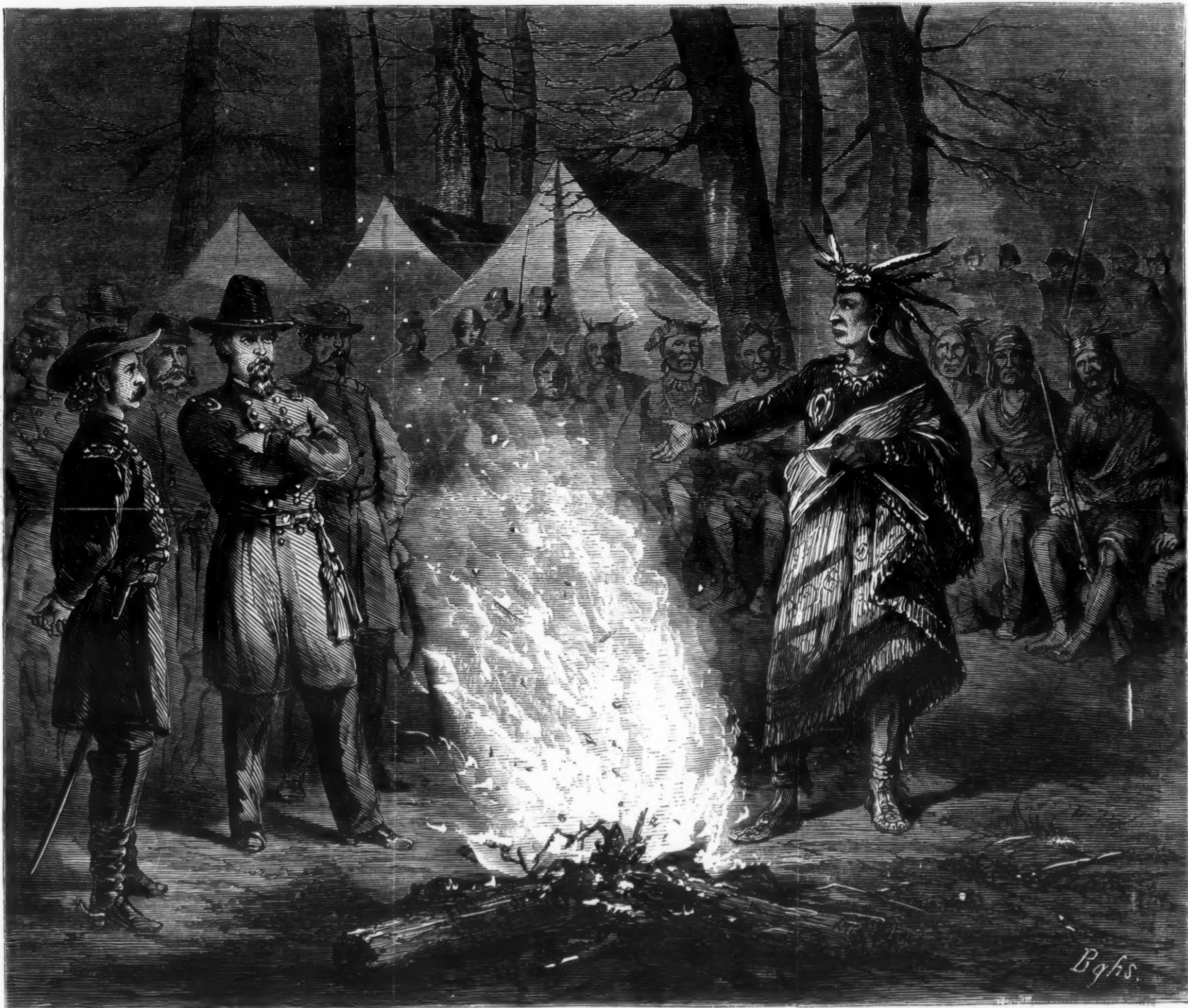
boundaries, nor yet in the practically mischievous doctrine of nationalities, so far as these may be alleged as legitimate causes for making war. Yet a glance at any good map will show that the Duchy of Luxemburg, if it could be said to belong naturally to any of the Great Powers, belongs naturally to France, into whose territories its boundaries in a rough sort of way project. In point of fact it belongs to Holland, whose King is its Grand Duke, but there is nothing to show that the inhabitants themselves are violently affected toward any of the surrounding monarchies, any more than that they are particularly loyal to their present ruler. Though German by race and language, they are Catholic by creed, and what with the priests and the merchants, the hope of Catholic education and the certainty of free trade with France, it is not improbable that the majority of the inhabitants might not have been inconsolable in exchanging rulers.

The world does not yet know, and in fact probably never will know when, the cession of Luxemburg to France was first proposed, or

who first proposed it. All we know is, that it seems only a few days ago, just about the time we were buying a very much larger section of the world's surface from Russia, that we heard that France had proposed to buy Luxemburg from Holland for so many millions of dollars, and that Holland had agreed to sell all her right, title and interest therein. Unfortunately there was a third party to be consulted—Prussia—who by treaty garrisoned the strong fortress of Luxemburg, the chief city of the territory; and Prussia, flushed with her recent victories, and elated by her promotion to the head of the German nation, was not likely to acquiesce in any alienation of German territory. It is not easy to understand how Napoleon can have been made to believe that Prussia could, under any circumstances, give her consent to such partition. He could not really believe that on the dissolution of the German Confederation Luxemburg became the absolute property of Holland, because he knew that Prussia still held the garrison, and therefore had some rights to be maintained; whether

just rights or not, was not exactly the question. Whatever they were, they were the rights of occupancy, and as such, not likely to be ceded by Prussia to either menace or entreaty. But for some reason or other he seems to have believed that after Holland's part of the bargain was concluded he would have no difficulty in obtaining the consent of Prussia, more especially if it could be shown that the wishes of the inhabitants themselves pointed toward annexation to France. In all this there could have been no designed menace toward Prussia. A bargain between two persons, to conclude which the consent of a third is essential, has no necessary hostile intention toward that third. Possessory rights being ceded, those subsidiary ones which lawyers call those of beneficial interest cannot be regarded as infringed, nor their holders insulted, when their assent to the transfer is asked. A quarrel can only arise when the third and least interested party announces his refusal to negotiate in unmistakably offensive terms; and this is just what Prussia has done.

There are many political reasons why Prus-



INTERVIEW BETWEEN GEN. HANCOCK AND STAFF, AND THE CHEYENNE INDIANS, AT FORT LARNARD, KANSAS, ON THE EVENING OF APRIL 12.—SEE PAGE 115.

is should seek to avoid any suspicion of being indifferent to mere German territory, so long as her own proper possessions were untouched, but there can be only one reason for replying in menacing terms to the French offers of negotiations. The susceptibilities of the French nation on the subject of extension of their frontiers toward the Rhine are well known, and not less notorious is the position of the Emperor toward his subjects at the present moment. To irritate those susceptibilities, to endeavor to decrease the influence of Napoleon over the French people, is to seek for war with France. The irritating language used in the German Parliament might have been overlooked, just as no one takes any notice of our House of Representatives when it passes resolutions sympathizing with the Fenians. Such utterances are quite unofficial, and have no weight with foreign governments, unless reiterated under the sanction of the Minister representing the Government. We seek in vain in any language held by Count von Bismarck toward France for the moderation of tone and courtesy of expression of one, who, having a disagreeable thing to say, tries to say it in the least unpleasant manner. All is hard, unyielding, almost harsh; and as it is very certain that France could not feel aggrieved by the mere refusal of Prussia to conclude a territorial bargain, if the refusal had been conveyed in a courteous and considerate manner, so it is certain that if war ensues, it will have been in consequence of the unnecessary, and in this view, the deliberate provocations of Prussia.

The two courses open to Napoleon are both equally dangerous. If he insist that Prussia shall give up the occupancy of Luxemburg, on the ground that the suzerainty is in Holland, and that when this latter is ceded, the former must cease, he will array all Germany against his pretensions. Should he recede now, and the language held by Prussia rendered such recession almost impossible, he will receive a check most mortifying and unendurable to French pride. His hold on the affections of the French is intimately connected with his success, and his arms and diplomacy have of late been too often unsuccessful for him to risk the chance of another failure. Popular opinion inclines to the belief that Prussia is pushing her advantage now because Bismarck is ready for war, while Napoleon is not. The stake, if war takes place, is greater than that involved in the possession merely of Luxemburg; with France it will be the Rhine for its boundary; with Prussia, the empire of a consolidated Germany. By the latest accounts a conference of the Great Powers of Europe will meet in London on the 15th of May, in which a peaceful solution of the question in dispute may be arrived at. Disinterested spectators like ourselves must pronounce a war for such causes unjustifiable; let us trust that the better sense of the parties at issue may avoid the crime of commencing it.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Special Notice.

In this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we give a four-page illustration of the Great Exposition, with the grounds surrounding it. This picture was drawn and engraved in Paris, and is printed here from the electrotype cast of the block, which was sent over to us, so that its accuracy can be relied on.

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.

GREAT attractions for the new volume of this favorite family paper. With No. 106 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER each purchaser will receive a new and elegant Gift Plate, engraved expressly for the CHIMNEY CORNER, and in the highest style of art, entitled, "AGAINST HIS WILL," from the universally admired oil painting by J. G. Brown. In the same number, commencing the Fifth Volume of the CHIMNEY CORNER, will begin a new and exciting SERIAL ROMANCE. As an inducement to the formation of Clubs, we offer as a Premium for Thirty Subscribers to the CHIMNEY CORNER, at \$4 each, one of GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED \$55 FAMILY SEWING-MACHINES.

Union League Protest.

It was scarcely to be expected that the respectable part of the Republicans could remain silent under the imputations of gross corruption of which the majority of their party in the Legislature at Albany had been accused. As we stated in our last issue, those imputations

were clear and distinct, almost amounting to articles of indictment; the names of the members bribed, and the amounts of the bribes they took, were specified, and what was most damaging to the gentry in Albany, the exposure of their misdoings was made by the *Tribune* and *Times*, the organs of the very party these members belonged to, and whose good name they had tarnished. It was only natural that public bodies representing the party should feel very keenly the disgrace thus brought upon it, and should hasten to show the public that such rascalities were not only no part of the Republican practice, but that the successes of the party were in no way due to such practices, which they condemned most emphatically. The Union League Club led the way in these disclaimers, and their earnest protest to the State Senate against the extravagance and corruption prevailing at Albany will, no doubt, have already been perused by most of our readers. The fate it met with could scarcely have been foreseen by its authors, for by a majority of 27 to 3 it was ordered to be returned whence it came.

The debate accompanying such a resolution was quite in character with it. Of course there were loud protests against the truth of the accusations it contained, and the usual amount of virtuous indignation common to all detected knaves. Mr. Sessions resorted to the *tu quoque* dodge, and accused members of the club of having been active members of the lobby during the winter, which, even if true, would not have disproved the truth of the charges, the chief matter to be attended to. Low and Folger were deeply impressed with the fact of there being no signatures to the resolutions, and although it was shown to be authenticated by the signature of the Secretary of the Club, and therefore the act of the body in its corporate capacity, these wise men shook their heads gravely at an omission making a dangerous precedent.

Mr. O'Donnell drew a very fine line in regarding the resolutions in the light of a petition, and therefore voting for their reception; but as if to atone for such an indiscretion, he praised the Senate, of which he is a member, as being superior to any that preceded it for many years, in ability, integrity and economy—which is, perhaps, not saying much for it—and in face of the notorious fact that the taxes levied this year are over ten mills to the dollar, more than double any preceding year, strikes us as being a very cool and impudent assertion. There is, in fact, but one course for the members of the Legislature to pursue, if they would purify themselves from the foul stain their character has sustained. Let them order an investigation, summon their accusers—they are well known—before them, and take such evidence as may be offered in support of the charges. If these are found frivolous and false, let us know the fact by some authoritative decision. Even if true, their force may be broken by some well-contrived plausibilities of language; but to disperse without any attempt to meet charges of corruption so specific and direct as these have been, will cover every suspected member with lasting disgrace.

But however rude and insulting a reception the Senate chose to give to the remonstrance—not a petition—of the Union League Club, it is very certain that the party at large will stand by the declarations of the latter. It is not to be borne by high-minded and honorable men that a stigma of corruption shall attach to their party and be actually proved against its representatives in the Legislature, without their indignant disclaimer of having any lot or part in the matter. As affecting the political unity of the party, such a step is of the smallest consequence. There are, after all, few men who will deliberately defend the giving and taking of bribes, and if the corruptionists can be sloughed off from our party, though our numbers may be slightly diminished, our moral strength will be vastly increased, and if the Democrats think the seceders can be of service, they are welcome to them. One thing is certain, that these vultures will gather together wherever there are bones to pick.

The Union League Club has, by this well-timed vindication of its principles, done a notable service to that portion of the Republican party which asserts its own honesty and patriotism, and had it never rendered any other services, this alone would have entitled it to our thanks.

Runaway Marriages.

OUR Western exchanges deal sometimes in matters of which we in large cities have little experience. Not that we are altogether without the excitement of an occasional elopement, or of an ill-assorted marriage contracted in defiance of the wishes of parents; but such things do not attain the same prominence among us as in the Western States. They may form the nine days' wonder of certain coteries, but seldom reach our newspaper columns, which find generally more interesting topics than the indiscretions of private life. Since the memorable exploit of John Dean, we remember but two or three similar events which

have had any public interest, and even they fade into insignificance when compared with the marriage of that lucky coachman. But in the West, it appears as if the public had a deep concern in the details of all such escapades, and it is to be hoped that the dread of publicity restrains many a defiance of parental authority among their young people, who otherwise might be tempted to try their matrimonial chances in accordance with the dictates of their own caprices rather than of the judgment of their natural guardians.

Reports of the proceedings in Divorce Courts are not pleasant reading. There runs through the whole an uninteresting sameness of uncongeniality of characters—of tempers which will not bend into any groove but their own—of alienation—of abuse—and finally, in most cases, of wrong. The only variations are in the greater or less intensity of the provocations given and received, and in the sex of the complainant. There are, however, some points which are seldom brought out in evidence, because, though of curious interest to a thoughtful inquirer, they do not and cannot affect the merits of the case before the court. It would be interesting to know, for instance, in cases of divorce, how long a courtship had preceded the marriage, and whether the marriage had the free consent of the parents on both sides. In many cases the incongruity of the connection is so obvious, that one wonders how it could ever have been formed by sane people, and that other sane people could be found consenting to it, and probably instigating the first steps.

Harriet Martineau says in "Deerbrook," (one of the best novels ever written): "Circumstances were given us to be conquered, and uncongeniality for discipline," and knowing to how great an extent self-denial forms a virtue in our domestic life, we are aware how dangerous it would be to draw general rules from particular instances. No one acquainted with the world will assert that marriages, apparently incongruous, must necessarily be unhappy. It is partly a question of degree, and also of chance—which latter some ill-conditioned persons assert all marriages are. Given, so much incongruity, more or less, what are the chances of future happiness under it? Obviously the best hope for happiness must exist when the two parties have sympathies in common, and come within the range of congenialities which arise from similarity of education, of manners, of social position, and, within a moderate extent, of fortune. We say—and every day's experience bears us out—that happiness in marriage is better insured when such congenialities exist than when they do not. Everybody will be ready to point out instances where all these conditions have been violated, and yet perfect happiness has followed. Unfortunately these instances exist more frequently in novels than in real life, and where one such experiment succeeds ninety-nine must fail. In married life some term of equality for both parties must be found. If the kitchen marry into the drawing-room, one must ascend or descend to the level of the other, and to do this requires a greater sacrifice of all one's cherished notions, prepossessions and prejudices, than most people are aware of. It is all very well to say that true nobility of soul will be equal to any place or any occasion, but true nobility is quite compatible with the doing a great many things that are very disagreeable, and would render constant and daily intercourse a social martyrdom. Ridicule is said to be the test of truth, and the true character of affection may be well tried by this standard. Some gross violation of social etiquette will breed more discord than unnumbered acts of kindness will atone for, and good society will more readily pardon a breach of the commandments, than it will forgive a man using his fork as a tooth-pick.

But who is to determine what amount of uncongeniality may be fairly grappled with while allowing a reasonable prospect of mutual happiness in the marriage state? Is the young lady to be the sole judge as to the qualifications of a husband, or shall she trust implicitly in this respect to the matured judgment of her parents? Shall we follow the French plan, and leave the arrangements for the domestic lives of our sons and daughters to be determined by their elders, or let them follow their own instincts, and mate as birds do? No one acquainted with modern French society, and the causes which lead to the stationary condition of the French population, would be an advocate of the former system, and on the other hand, the records of our divorce courts would furnish ample reasons against the other. We venture to think that the cure for the evil, under either system, lies in the hands of the parents themselves, and that it must be sought in the direction of encouraging, first, a sentiment of home attachment, and next, of confidential intercourse with their children. Without restraining on the one hand, or forcing on the other, the relationship in the important crises of life becomes then one of an advisory character, and yet from the habits of respect and deference what have been taught in early life, it may generally be calculated that the advice given will be followed. It is im-

possible to lay down general rules for so complex a matter, because each person will quote from his experience some instance which will overthrow any theory, or rather, which no theory will embrace. We must be content with pointing out what will cover by far the greater number of cases, leaving the exceptions to govern themselves.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Of all the famous salons of modern times, perhaps that of Madame Recamier has the widest celebrity. Society, as represented in her drawing-room, is almost unknown out of France. Lady Blessington's receptions, and the drawing-room of Holland House in London, were probably the nearest approaches in England of what the French understand by a *salon*. Here, in this country, there is nothing of the kind. There are plenty of houses which, during the season, are periodically filled with crowds of both sexes, dressed fashionably, who come to stare, and be stared at, to dance, if dancing be possible, to hang in knots about the door-posts, or retire in pairs to obscure corners, or sofas conveniently disposed for flirtations, to eat largely of the heterogeneous varieties of material provided under the name of supper, and drink various quantities of the fluids provided at the same ceremony, but at such gatherings there is no conversation; there is plenty of chattering, of gossip and fashionable small-talk, but of conversation, of mutual intercourse of interest or amusement by cultivated and well-instructed or thoughtful persons of either sex, there is none. Such a mode of entertainment is unknown, and would be as strange to the persons congregated together on such occasions as would be the introduction of the Shakers' peculiar style of salutation, or the ancient Roman style of relieving themselves from the oppression of over-eating at their feasts.

In France, however, where society is not usurped by young unmarried women and ignorant young men, whose vivacity is a quality of their heels, instead of their brains, a reception is a very different affair. The company is composed of men and women, and the test of good breeding is politeness, instead of supercilious insolence.

During the final years of the last century and the first of this, unquestionably the receptions of Madame Recamier were the most brilliantly attended and the most fascinating in Paris. Though there is no evidence that she herself was a brilliant person, yet the reports of her rare beauty in her early prime must be received as true. But this can hardly explain the secret of her success. Her memoirs, recently published by her niece, would make out that she was a paragon of goodness. But even goodness is not enough to create and maintain a *salon*. The secret of her success is, however, given, and with internal evidences of truth, in a recent article in the *Galaxy*. It was—shall we be ashamed to say it? or, rather, shall not justice be done though the heaven's fall?—it was the skillful way in which she played upon the predominant weaknesses of mankind—and womankind, for that matter—their vanity and love of adulation. It is true that these weak points exist in the best-jointed armor of worldliness which any of us can forge for ourselves. Nor should we be mortified at it. After all, best understood, the fact that it is so is rather a compliment to human nature than a reproach. At last let us make a virtue of necessity, and boldly claim that it is so.

The eight-hour system has become a law in this State, and has gone into action in two of the Western States. Its objects and purpose seem to be misunderstood, since the objection brought generally against it is based upon the supposition that it is an attempt to obtain twelve hours' wages for eight hours' work. This is not, however, what is intended by the promoters of this measure, but that eight hours should constitute a day's work.

The word *day* in this connection being indefinite, the law simply steps in and defines how many hours the term used in contracts for labor shall signify. That there is a necessity for such legal action no one can deny who remembers the political excitement which here and in Great Britain led to the reformation of the frightful industrial systems which caused children to work in the mills fifteen and sixteen hours a day. Concerning the correctness of the theory which leads to making eight hours the extent which a man can work profitably, opinions may differ, but certain it is, that many accurate persons who have given careful attention to the subject are in favor of such a limit.

There is a limit to physical as well as mental exertion; the one exhausts the tissues of the body, and the other those of the brain; and this consumption of the materials necessary for their action must be replaced, and can be only by rest and quiet. Judge Story, who was certainly a good authority in the matter of brain-work, and the result of whose labors shows that he was a most industrious man, never spent but three hours a day in study, but during this time he was studying. There are certainly many persons who are engaged in what they call study many more of the twenty-four hours than three, but the result of their employment shows the truth of the intellectual law, analogous to that in physics, that what you gain in quantity you lose in quality. Tupper might write proverbial philosophies all day and all night, since, for the value of such writings, a man, if he has any brains, may as well be asleep as awake, while Beranger was frequently a year in writing a song, and "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard" employed its author many years.

Of course, though individual cases differ, there is a general average at which men should be employed, either mentally or physically, and in the latter eight hours has been fixed as the maximum by many manufacturers who have given careful and accurate attention to the subject. Particularly has this been found to be the case in operations requiring skill and dexterity of judgment. In the grinding of scythes, for example, it has been found to be for the proprietors' interest that eight hours' continued labor should constitute a day, since the best workmen, working longer, will turn out work so inferior that the gain in quantity is more than counterbalanced by the deterioration in quality. The subject is one which, in its ramifications, underlies much of the science of life, and is not to be dismissed with a few smart sentences.

The inexorable industrial tendency of our modern times forces its consideration upon all who are interested in the tendency of modern society. The great want at present in forming a judgment about it, is of accurate statistics upon the matter, facts which have been gathered carefully, so that they can be relied on. Meanwhile, however, the general feeling of the people themselves, who are the most interested in the matter, and whose experience is of most value, seems to have found expression in this legislation, and as the general opinion is almost, without exception, always wiser than that

of those who presume to lead it, experience will probably show that this case is not an exception.

The report comes from Paris that the American Commission has been urged to insist upon closing the American portion of the exhibition on Sundays.

What a singular idea of the proprieties some people have.

It was once proposed in Boston to organize a town and country club, but the project fell through because some impracticable people became interested in it, who insisted that one of the rules should be that in the matter of membership no distinction should be made to sex or color. It was hopeless to suggest to them that the design did not contemplate the enunciation of any reform, but was for purely social purposes, and that the place was not congenial for any such enunciation of principles. They would hear nothing, and so the whole thing was dropped. It would seem as though some of these injudicious and impracticable persons had crossed the Atlantic.

Amusements in the City.

The amusement season is somewhat rapidly closing, but the entertainments and announcements for the week ending Wednesday, May 1st, display even unusual variety. * * * At the Academy of Music, a marked sensation was created on Thursday evening, April 25th, by the first appearance of Senora Angela Peralta, the new Havana prima donna, in the role of Amina, in "Somnambula." She is a decidedly pretty woman, as well as a vocalist of capital method; petite in stature, but plump and decidedly Piccolomini in general appearance and action; and her fresh, pure soprano voice was most pleasingly shown throughout the performance, the absolute future created being most abundantly deserved. If Senora Peralta could linger longer among us, she would assuredly become a first favorite. The opera season, meanwhile, closes with the week, and promises to close with quite as much brilliancy as it showed at first. * * * At Wallack's, Boucault's "Flying Scud" was produced on Wednesday evening, the 24th, and displayed weak construction, some wonderfully fine effects, but a combination of low character and shallow wit for this first-class theatre, chief among them being a jockey ballet in which dozens women dress in buckskin tight, and appear with a disgusting suggestiveness, throwing the "Black Crook" entirely into the shade. The piece draws well, however, and will undoubtedly run. * * * At the New York Theatre the "Sacred Trust" did not prove an immense success, though the Francois of Mr. Gomerel was very creditable; and the lease of Messrs. Mark Smith and Lewis Baker expiring with the week, on Monday, the 6th of May, the Worrell sisters reopen it with pieces of their peculiar specialty, which ought to be popular during the summer season. * * * At Niblo's the "Black Crook," apparently popular as ever. * * * At the Broadway Miss Maggie Mitchell concluded her very successful engagement on Saturday evening the 27th; and Manager Williams and his lady recommenced there on Monday evening the 29th. * * * At the Olympic Hall Richings English Opera troupe have closed, and Mr. Edmund Falconer, the English author and actor, commenced a brief engagement in his own piece on Monday evening the 29th, comment on his performance being necessarily deferred. * * * At Barnum's Yankee Locke has continued highly successful, the latest of his successes being in the "Yankee in Hungary" and "Podijah B. Peasley;" while the Museum has continued to draw capitally with its combined attractions. * * * Manager Fox closed his season at the Bowery, and the career of the very excellent and successful pantomime, "Little Boy Blue," with Saturday evening the 27th.

* * * The New York Circus closes its successful season with the current week, to reopen in the autumn. * * * Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have been enthusiastically received on their return to Irving Hall, in their drawing-room entertainments, and they presume to leave the country on their return to Europe, with even added reputation. * * * The Japanese acrobat troupe are to commence a season at the Academy of Music on Monday May 6th, and seem likely to create a sensation. * * * Mad. Ristori commences her brief season of farewells, at the Theatre Francaise, on Thursday evening May 24. * * * A grand ball d'opera for the benefit of the Ladies' Southern Relief Association is to be given at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening May 24, under the patronage of many of our most distinguished citizens. * * * Miss Madeline Henriques bade a final farewell to the stage, at Wallack's Theatre on Saturday evening the 20th, and retired into private life, carrying with her the regrets and best wishes of all. * * * Mr. Oscar Pfeiffer, the admired pianist, gave his final concert before leaving for South America, at Steinway Hall a few evenings since, with a brilliant audience, and elicited the very highest commendation by his vigor of style and yet exquisite tenderness of treatment. He has rapidly made his mark as one of the first pianists of the age, although coming among us unheralded. Mad. Adlers sang under the disadvantages of a cold on that occasion, but has made her mark among us as an artist. Mr. Poznanaki of course played well, as always. The combination will appear again in the autumn among us, on their return from South America. * * * The marriage of Mr. Edward Mollenhauer, the talented maestro of Wallack's, and Miss Ada Clifton, the admired comedienne, is announced, and thousands of friends will tender them their hearty congratulations. * * * There has been a rumor of the marriage of Alexandre Dumas, Jr., to Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, at Paris; but the report is officially denied by the Paris journals. * * * Mr. J. G. Hanley, late stage-manager of the Winter Garden, succeeds M. Selwyn at Wallack's in the same capacity. * * * On 4th of the Winter is to be rebuilt as a theatre, in spite of all denials; it certainly should be, and against the fall season. * * * The New York Circus is about to close for the season, and set off for a tour in the country. Though the deprivation is sure, yet the fortunate inhabitants of the towns the circus proposes to visit are the gainers, since the list of attractions this company offers have never been surpassed in any performance of the kind. * * * The Orphean Choral Festival is advertised for early in May. The objects of the association, and the excellence of the performance they promise, should secure them the fullest kind of a house.

ART GOSSIP.

We learn that it is the intention of the lady artists of New York to form an independent art association of their own, with a view to carrying on their studies according to plans now under consideration. The arrangements are to include an annual exhibition, for which purpose application has already been made to the Council of the Academy of Design for the use of their galleries.

As there are some fifty female exhibitors in this year's exhibition of the Academy alone, the plan in question appears to be a feasible one. Study of an assiduous and conscientious kind is but too generally neglected by such of the fairer sex as adopt the difficult profession of painting. A certain amount of dexterity obtained, there ambition ends, and chronic mediocrity is the result. Association may work much improvement here; and should the idea be fully carried out, with such provisions as will insure the benefits of competent instruction and thorough guidance to the fair students, the Society of Female Artists shall have our heartiest wishes for its success.

Among the ladies whose contributions to the Academy exhibition now open are most worthy of note, we will name a few, from time to time, in this department of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Mrs. Grestorex exhibits a clever landscape, "In the T. . . ." 240, the touches in which are laid on with a confident hand; "Evening Thoughts of Bethel, Maine," 72, by the same lady, comprises a number of slight, but delicate pen sketches, tastefully arranged in one frame. Some pen-and-ink studies, by Miss G. A. Davis, are

deserving of praise, although the black backgrounds in them are wrought up to a degree of intensity that render them somewhat opaque.

"Oracles," 201, by Miss A. C. Fide, is a well-studied representation of dead birds—a tanager and a Baltimore, or golden oriole, we believe.

Mrs. E. Edge contributes a study of "Tulips," 160, in which the arrangement is good, but the color is rather heavy. In painting flowers, unless on the absurdly large scale practiced by Gustave Doré, delicacy of manipulation is one of the chief points to be attended to.

A "Study of Game," 35, by Miss Helen L. Seale, appears to possess merit, though a decision on it is rendered difficult by the high position given to it upon the wall. The same may be said of a game-piece by Miss Emma C. Church, 126.

"Crab Apples," 11, by Miss S. W. Wenzler, is painted with truth; and there is excellent arrangement and transparent color in "Currants," 11, from the same pencil.

Mrs. C. M. Clowes takes up bolder subjects than any of the ladies just mentioned, cattle in the pastures appearing to be a favorite one with her. The picture called "Indian Summer," 12, contains much promise of future excellence; as also do two others by the same artist, in which special care is figure upon verdant slopes. These last-mentioned pictures are numbered 311 and 488, respectively.

"A Study of Flowers," 371, by Miss H. A. Granberry, and "Tea Roses," 174, by the same lady, are painted with great nicety and feeling for color.

Miss V. Granberry contributes four fruit and flower pieces, all of which, with certain exceptions of want of transparency in color, are good examples of the class of art to which they belong. "Phlox," 209, and "Grapes," 259, are, perhaps, the best of the four.

Mrs. Hart has felicitously rendered nature in "Azaleas," 264; and "Easter Morning," 406, representing a wreath of flowers suspended upon a cross, is also arranged and painted with a good deal of taste and skill.

In "Punch-Bowl Reformed," 173, Miss M. L. Wagner conveys a moral that should not be thrown away upon the "naughty, naughty men." The vase in question has taken to cold water, on which large lilies are reposing. The flowers and bowl are both very well painted. In the "American Pitcher Plant," 543, the same artist has been faithful to nature's facts; and a large composition than either of those mentioned, "The Cardinal at Home," 548, has some rich and well-contrasted color in a group of wild flowers growing in their native, uneducated parterre.

BOOK NOTICES.

ORNITHOLOGY AND OLOGY OF NEW ENGLAND. By EDWARD A. SAMUELS. Boston: Nichols & Noyes.

In preparing this work, the author has aimed at supplying a long-felt demand for a popular book on North American birds; and while furnishing all the information needed to make it of value to the student, has avoided technicalities so far as to adapt it to the unscientific reader. The economical value of the different species of birds is discussed so fully as to make the work of great importance to the agriculturist. It is to be published by subscription.

THE ART JOURNAL. New York: Virtue & Yorton, No. 12 Dey street.

The two steel engravings in the April number are "The Village Choir," from a picture by T. Webster; and "The Sisters," from a picture by G. Smith. With this number commences the illustrated catalogue of the French Exposition, with over a hundred fine wood engravings of articles on exhibition from jewelers, goldsmiths, manufacturers of bronzes, glass, porcelain, cabinet-work, etc.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. Diamond Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

TALE OF TWO CITIES. By CHARLES DICKENS. Philadelphia: Peterson & Brothers.

MOBBY AND HIS MEN. By J. MARSHALL CRAWFORD. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

A NEW AND PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF THE CULTURE OF THE HUMAN VOICE AND ACTION. By Prof. J. E. FROESCHER. New York: Ivason, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

—There is a probability that we shall have an elevated railway. A charter has been granted; and it is asserted that half a mile of it will be immediately commenced in Greenwich street, so that its practicability can be tested before it shall be continued. Anything which will replace the abominable nuisance of the street railways is desirable.

—With the approach of summer commences the season of sports, and it would, perhaps, be well to again refer to the interest which would be excited by a rowing-match between the boat clubs of Harvard and Yale with those of Cambridge and Oxford.

—The Board of Aldermen have concurred with the Councilmen in calling the bridge on Broadway, at Fulton street, the "Low Bridge." The name suggests that they intended the Low Bridge, to distinguish it from the High Bridge.

—Phelan has sent a challenge to Roberts, the champion English billiard-player, which, if it is accepted and really well played, will make the most interesting game ever witnessed. The trouble, however, will probably be to get the English player to accept upon such terms and conditions as will be agreeable or possible here.

—The Free Trade League complain that the Republican Committee in Washington use the funds contributed for party purposes in distributing protective documents, although the Republican party have in their action always repudiated the doctrine of protection. The charge is denied—but denied with such extenuations as would seem to make it "purely in a Pickwickian sense."

—The Rutgers Female College, having been granted by the Legislature the full powers and privileges of a college, a meeting was recently held to consider the best plan of extending the area of education for women. Though no definite action was decided upon, yet it was evident that the subject excited great attention. The chief thing required in the education of women, is the practical element which shall render them independent and able to support themselves. The development of character which this produces is worth infinitely more than a fragmentary smattering of all the accomplishments.

—The Board of Health has been considering the best means of abolishing the slaughter-houses in this city. Of their practicability of so doing they are convinced, and in this respect agree probably with the best public opinion. The great advantages of the abattoir system have been fully illustrated in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and it does seem strange that there is not somewhere the necessary power to enforce the suppression of such public nuisances as the slaughter-houses are, especially when the substitute offered is at once both cheaper and free from the objectionable features of the present system. But it would seem that all our legislation tends to confine instead of furthering the best interests of the public.

—The German element in New York is the subject of a genial and interesting paper in the last number of the Atlantic, by Charles Dawson Shanley.

—The Dunderberg, which, it will be remembered, was built for our Government, and afterward refused by them, is probably the most formidable war vessel in the world, so that it is reported that agents from Prussia are now in this country seeking to purchase her. With such an aid Prussia would become as formidable on the sea as the needle-gun has made her on land.

—The numerous frauds on the revenue by the liquor distillers have led to the attempt to invent some style of automatic check upon the returns. Whatever may be the plan suggested, it will always be open to the objection that those desiring to evade the law will do it, while to the honest it will only be a further tax. The only way of increasing the revenue from this source is to so lower the tax that it will be more for the interest of all parties to pay it than to run the risk of evading it. By this means the Government will be the gainer by larger receipts, and by lessening the demoralization which is now caused by the premium the high tax places upon fraud.

—The Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia, being sued for dividends they declared during the war, tendered the same in Confederate money. This adding insult to injury was rightly held by the court to be anything but legal.

—The behavior of the negroes of the South, since the end of the war, is a matter of sincere congratulation to those who have always had confidence that with opportunity they would show themselves men. The reports which now come to us from all sections of the South of meetings in which they participate, taking part in the proceedings and speaking to the audiences, are most encouraging. They appear to have a very accurate insight for discovering the demagogues, whether hailing from either side of Mason and Dixon's line.

—A Japanese commission has arrived, and are proceeding to Washington. There may result some good from a closer alliance with Japan. Their system of harri harri may be introduced here, so that obnoxious politicians and office-holders shall, by removing themselves from this vale of tears, save us the trouble of doing them justice by the ordinary expensive and dangerous legal means.

—Francisco Javier Solá, from Mansanillo, Cuba, is now in this city on his way to Germany. He is a mathematical prodigy, being able to perform the most difficult and complicated calculation of problems mentally. His parents, however, desire that his education in other respects should receive his attention, until he shall have matured his physical development, and for this reason have sent him to Germany.

Foreign.

—There is a movement in England to employ the army industriously. Such a course, it is urged, would make the soldiers more contented and useful, while the people would be more contented, since the army would be less expensive.

—A Mr. Parkin Jeffoch, who was recently killed in England, while risking his life to save others in an explosion in a coal mine, had his life insured in the Accidental Life Insurance Company, who refused to pay the policy.

—The annual athletic sports at Cambridge have recently been celebrated with the following result: The foot-race of 100 yards was won in 10.1-5 seconds; the heavy weight was thrown 32 feet and 10 inches; the quarter-mile foot-race was won in 51.3-3 seconds; with the high pole a leap of 9 feet 6 inches was made; the hurdle foot-race, with 10 leaps in 100 yards, was won in 18 seconds; the long jump was 19 feet 11.2 inches; the half-mile race was won in 2 minutes 2.4-5 seconds; the hammer weighing 16 pounds was thrown 92 feet 10 inches; the mile race was won in 36.3-5 seconds; and a walking race of seven miles was won in 1 hour and 29 seconds. From these items it is evident that study does not degenerate the physique.

—Highway robberies at night in the streets of Paris are reported as the latest development of the Exposition.

—A recent biography of Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, notoriety, traces his descent, as is the habit in England, to one of the companions of William the Conqueror, who, it is said, finding his commander in the road, gasping for want of breath, loosened his casque, and a recompense was called De l'ayre, because he saved his life by giving him air. This ingenious and unquestionably veracious derivation is peculiarly appropriate, now that the course of this brave ancestor's descendant is receiving such a wholesome ventilation.

—The prisoners in Clichy, in Paris, illuminated the building in honor of the motion passed by the Corps Legislatif to abolish all imprisonment for debt.

—A proposition was recently made in the English Parliament to purchase the railroads in the kingdom by the Government, and run them in the interest of the public. The mover of the motion announced his conviction that the national debt could be paid by such an arrangement; but the conservatism of the House was shocked at so radical an innovation, interfering as it would with all the established traditional usages of how not to do it, and so the motion was withdrawn.

—The tailors in Paris have made a strike, and have received from their English brethren of the shears assurances of moral and pecuniary aid in carrying out their intentions. The entire Bourbon and Orleans parties are in amusements at such a radical sartorial attempt to force them, willingly or unwillingly, into the ranks of the sans culottes.

—At the celebration of the Annunciation, on the 25th of March, at Rome, there was a demonstration in favor of the Pope. The streets were crowded as he passed in procession blessing the people. Unfortunately the second carriage, in which were the officers of his household, was detained at the bridge of San Angelo by the horses, who refused to move, so that others had to be sent for from the Vatican. This delay caused great annoyance to the Pope when the procession stopped at the Dominican convent, since the officers of his household had his snuff-box and pocket-handkerchief. At the convent the community was admitted to kiss the Pope's foot, who said to them, "You can kiss the foot two at a time, so as to get through it quicker; and take care not to press the leg, for it is very tender."

—A volume by W. M. Rossetti, entitled "Essays on Art," is promised as nearly ready for publication. It will treat principally of modern art, and as Mr. Rossetti, who is one of the chief leaders of the Pre-Raphaelite school, wields the pen as deftly as he uses the pencil, the volume is certain to be interesting, and to produce an excitement.

—The Paris Geographical Society has given a gold medal to Sir Samuel Baker, for the discovery of the Albert Nyanza. Sir Samuel was accompanied during his entire trip by his wife, who wore, singularly enough, the inconvenient and foolish European costume through all her desert wanderings. It is a curious question whether it required more firmness and daring to undertake the trip at all, or to undertake it in such a costume.

—A Mrs. Scott Siddons, the great granddaughter of the Mrs. Siddons, has recently made her appearance in England as a Shakespeare reader, and has made a moderate success, such an one as the French would call a succès de curiosité.

—In connection with the Great Exposition, there will be held a sort of agricultural fair, in which animals will be exhibited, and a display made of the useful classes of insects, such as silkworms, bees, etc.

—Under the new bankruptcy law in England, imprisonment for debt is restored by the following process. A creditor who obtains a judgment for £50 or over summons his debtor before the court, and if he there refuses to answer the judge's questions, or keeps back his books, he is confined for contempt of Court. A modified form of the same style of procedure is in operation here. Such foolish legislation will continue as long as lawyers originate our laws. Since, as lawyers, they of course feel bound to maintain that the law is the source of justice, regardless of the facts.

—A new daily paper has been started in London called The Day. It buys the stereotype plates of the parliamentary debates from the Daily News, which journal sells them to any paper that wishes to buy them. The Day is said to be too conservative for the liberals, and too liberal for the conservatives. There is a sentence in Ecclesiastes concerning the fate of mixtures which are neither hot nor cold, which would be of value to those who strive to attain stability by sitting upon two stools.

Interview Between General Hancock and Tall Bear, at Fort Larnard.

The following description of this interview, from an eye-witness, will be read with interest. The Indians have recently proved troublesome, and the expedition, under General Hancock, is for the purpose of either receiving or extorting assurances from them that they will remain peaceable in the future.

The troops, under General Hancock, have been camped for nearly a week, troops and animals needing rest before continuing their march up the Arkansas. Although no invitation was extended to the Indians, numbers of the minor chiefs have come to the camp to say "Ugh," and get some of the white man's sugar and coffee. The Indians have a decided penchant for the little luxuries of the camp, and seem averse to dog when they can get beef; or it may be, as they say, that the winter has been very severe, that dogs are scarce as well as out of season. Just at nightfall, on the 12th of April, a number of chiefs of the Cheyennes came to the headquarters to have a talk. General Hancock was quite ready to have the confab at once. Not so the Indians. They would not say a word until they could have time to eat, smoke and decorate. A Sibley tent was pitched, in which a fire was built, and food was sent to the Indians, who immediately proceeded to one of those astonishing gastronomical efforts for which they are celebrated, i. e., eat a sufficient quantity in an hour to last a week, if they indulge in no more than their ordinary exercise.

While this performance was going on a huge camp-fire was built of cottonwood logs. About this fire officers assembled in a semicircle, seating themselves on logs arranged for the purpose. Groups of officers, standing apart from the others, were discussing the probability of being ordered East, or to the Smoky, or to the new possessions. Others were determined to have a feast of buffalo meat just as soon as they were arrived in a country where the herds were feeding.

Some of the officers were gotten up in uniforms sufficiently gaudy to make it doubtful if the Indians would not find it necessary to retire to their tent for a second attempt at paint. As a general thing the officers were habited in their best garments, wearing also their sabres and revolvers. Two hours passed in waiting, when Colonel Wynkoop arrived. The colonel is an Indian agent par excellence, of whom a slight description will not suffice to convey any just idea. He is a Plains man, and the best handler of Indians that has ever been on the Arkansas. The Indians have every confidence in his integrity, and respect him for the "heap fight" that he is known to be capable of making.

Entering the Sibley the colonel found the Indians enjoying a little preliminary smoke. He remarked that the big sword was full of talk. This seems a doubtful compliment to General Hancock, who, though sociable, is not a great conversationalist. A grant and numerous ughs followed the announcement. The pipe took another circuit and was snuffed. The Indian seems averse to the waste of tobacco in any other way than a puff. Leaving the tent they formed in a single line, walking not in the customary Indian file, but abreast. A few steps in advance walked Colonel Wynkoop, with the two chiefs of the "Dog Soldiers," White Horse and Tall Bear, on either side of him.

As they advanced toward the fire, General Hancock suggested to the officers seated at his right hand that they vacate their seats on the logs to the Indians. The leading chiefs were introduced to General Hancock, General A. J. Smith, General's Custer, Davidson and Gibbs. "Ughs" and shakes of the hand followed, and the Indians seated themselves, wrapped their robes or blankets about them, and proceeded to study the fire with intentness.

General Hancock rose from his seat, stepped toward the fire, which lit up his figure, now rather more portly than the campaigners with the Army of the Potomac remember him. The General stated to the Indians, by means of an interpreter—Edmund Guerier—that he had come to their country to see them, not to fight, unless they did wrong, when he should be obliged to punish them. He had heard that they had proposed to stop travel on the roads. If they did this they would do wrong, and the Great Father in Washington would be very angry and hit them hard. If they attacked the trains on the Pacific Railroad they would do great injury to themselves. The buffalo were going away very fast; they would all go away eventually, when the Indian must depend on the white man for food. If the white man was angry with the Indian, he would not give him food. If a white man did wrong, he should be punished by the laws of the white man; the Indians must not punish him. If the Indian did wrong, the Indian should be tried in the same way. The General remarked that he had expected to see other chiefs, but they had not come. "He would start to-morrow morning and go to the villages, where he would have a big talk."

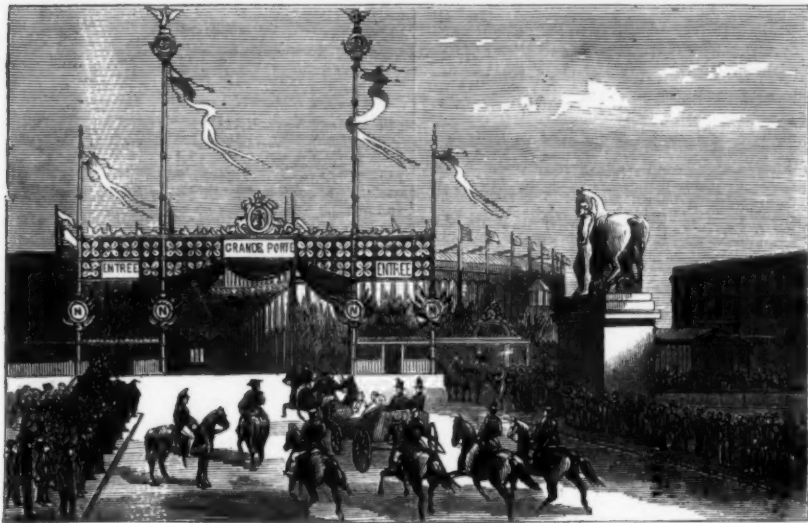
While this "talk" was being made, the Indians had been passing the pipe, which had been several times emptied, Colonel Wynkoop taking his whiff with great regularity and evident satisfaction. The generals did not indulge in the luxury of the calumet, but confined themselves to cigars. A silence of some minutes' duration followed the General's talk, when Tall Bear, a splendid specimen of an Indian chief of the Cheyenne kind, rose, strode up to General Hancock and shook hands; stepping back a pace or two, he wrapped his blanket about his body in such a manner as to permit the folds to be graceful, when he spoke for a moment, slowly and distinctly, though not loud. The gestures were simple and extremely graceful. Ceasing to speak, he gazed steadily into the General's eyes, while the interpreter told the sense of what he said. I say sense, for it was but a skeleton of the words spoken.

He had made his treaties and had kept them. The buffalo were becoming scarce; they had never been so scarce as during the past winter. The white man had made them scarce. When they were hungry he had gone to the fort for food. The officer in command had told him that he would shoot him if he came to the fort. Why was this? They would be glad to see the General. They desired peace.

The command is moving, and will reach Fort Dodge in two or three days.

We have before us Dr. Angus Smith's account of the state of the atmosphere in several English mines, embodied in the recent blue book on Mines. The Cornish mines have a very unenviable superiority in the amount of carbonic acid gas and other poisonous contained in their air. Coal-pits are subject to violent and fatal explosions, and are therefore kept much better ventilated than mines of metals. The very short duration of life among the Cornish miners proves that it is far better to run the chance of being killed off at once by fire-damp than to undergo the certainty of being slowly poisoned by foul air. Three hundred samples of air from mines had 73 per cent. carbonic acid; in some of the deeper workings the amount was actually 1-8; it even rose to 2-25, the oxygen being only 18-60. Now in a healthy atmosphere, there is 24 per cent. of carbonic acid, with 20-2 oxygen; and in the crowded pit of a London theatre, toward the close of the play, the carbonic acid only amounts to from 25 to 33.

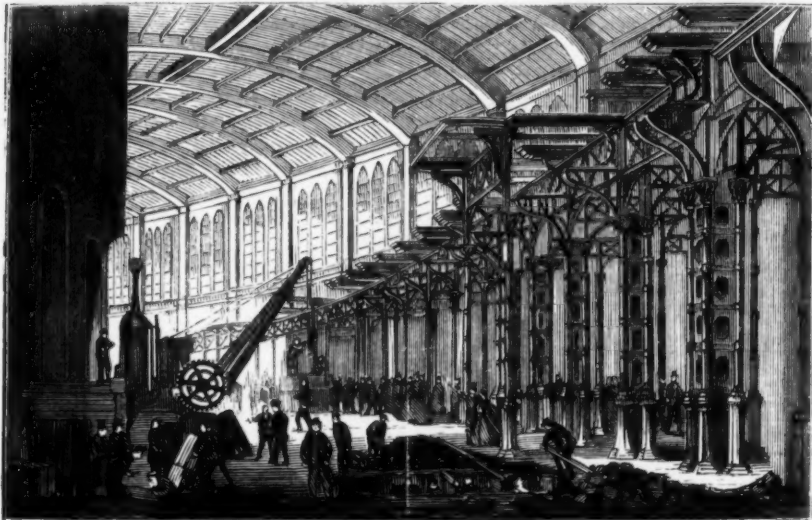
The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



INAUGURATION OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS ARRIVING AT THE ENTRANCE ON THE QUAI D'ORSAY.

Inauguration of the Paris Exposition. Our issue for this week is almost specially devoted to the Paris Exposition. Besides this view of the Inauguration, we have another full-page illustration of the Inauguration, and a large view of the building and the grounds surrounding it. This view shows the arrival of the Emperor and Empress at the chief entrance.

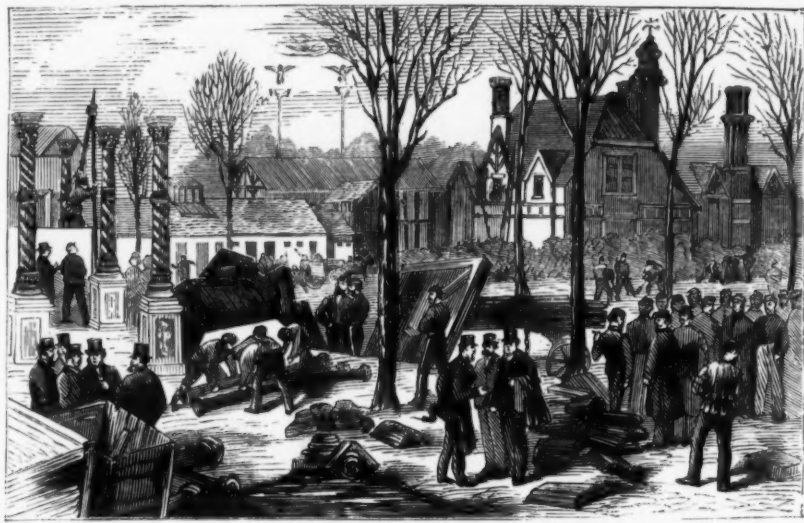
ning up the entire centre of the gallery in which machinery in motion is to be exhibited in the Paris Exposition. Visitors will walk along the top of the stage,



PARIS EXHIBITION—IRON WORK STAGING IN THE DEPARTMENT FOR MACHINERY IN MOTION.

ration, we have another full-page illustration of the Inauguration, and a large view of the building and the grounds surrounding it. This view shows the arrival of the Emperor and Empress at the chief entrance.

so as to be beyond risk from the machinery. The display of machines contributed by the various countries will be very complete, and as interesting as any part of the Exposition.



PARIS EXHIBITION—THE ENGLISH QUARTER OF THE PARK.

the great Exposition. This park will form one of the most attractive parts of the whole display, being filled with buildings intended to represent the various styles of architecture prevailing in the various countries of the world.

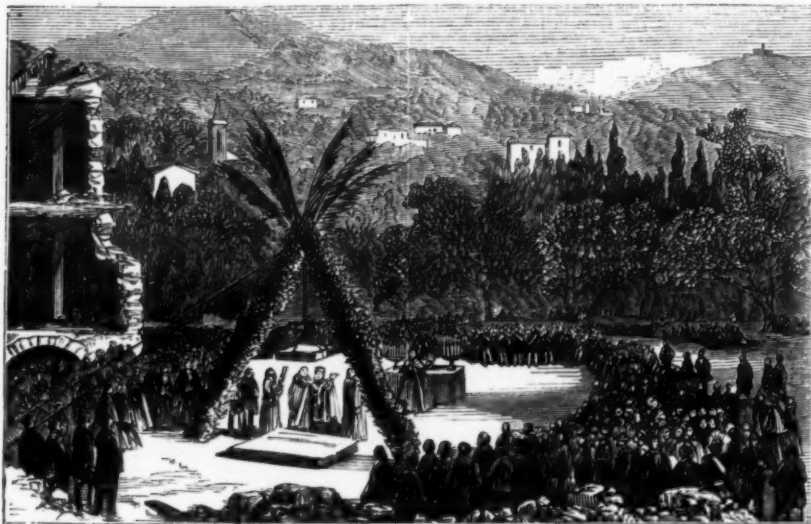
shows the arrangement for containing those varieties which require running streams. In this way all kinds of fresh water fish will be well represented.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE FRESH WATER AQUARIUM AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

styles of architecture prevailing in the various countries of the world. **Fresh-Water Aquarium, Paris Exposition.** This illustration shows the construction of the aqua-

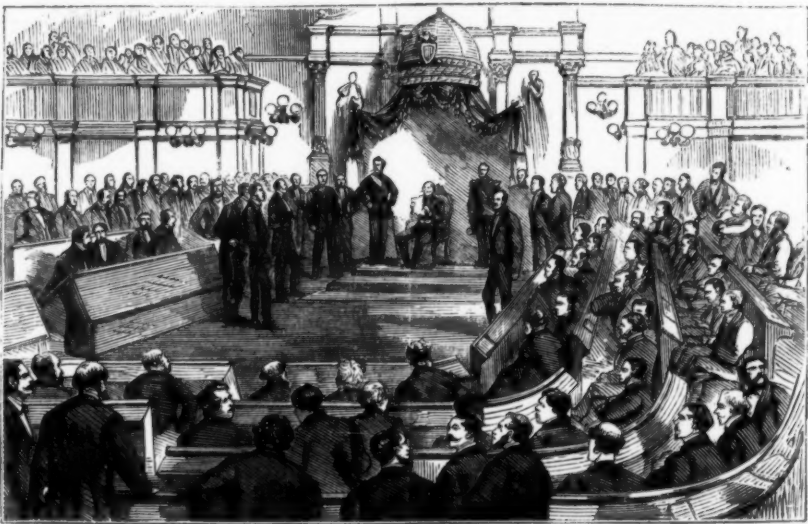
Views of the Town of Luxemburg, the Capital of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. We give two illustrations of the town of Luxemburg



LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A MONUMENT AT NICE.

The Paris Exposition—Ironwork Staging in the Department for Machinery in Motion. This engraving represents the ironwork stage, run-

Paris Exposition—The English Quarter of the Park. This illustration shows the forwardness of the English quarter of the park, surrounding the building for



OPENING OF THE NEW ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

nam at the Great Exposition intended for displaying the fresh-water fish. Under the arches is seen the side of the glass tank built to hold the deep-water fish, while the canal-shaped basin in the middle of the picture,

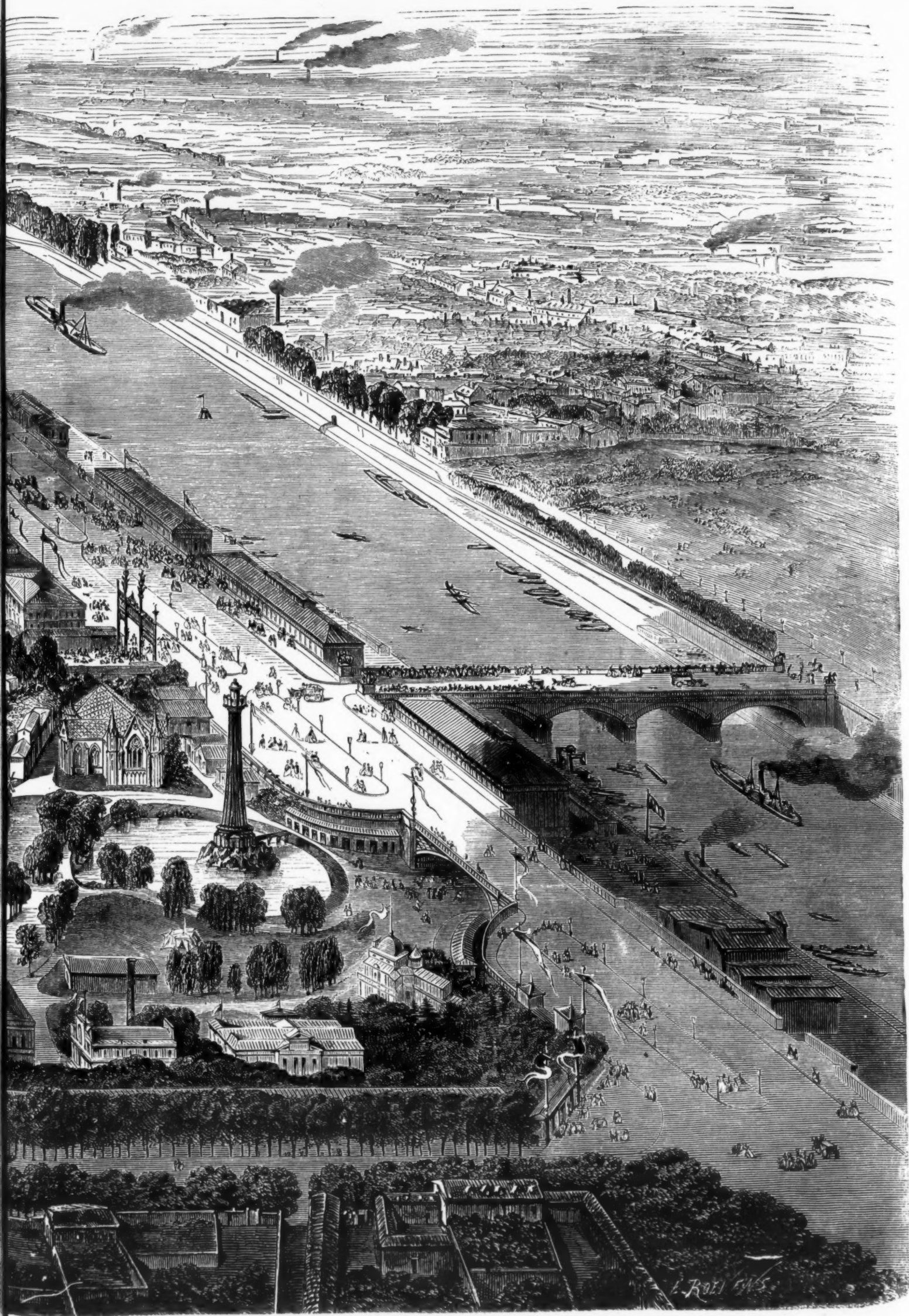
which is now exciting so much attention, since its purchase is a point in dispute between France and Prussia. As its settlement threatens a war which will be the most gigantic since the days of the first Napoleon.



TOWN AND FORT OF LUXEMBURG—VIEW FROM THE FORT DER MOULIN.



TOWN AND FORT OF LUXEMBURG—VIEW FROM THE NORTH.



PONT D'JENA.

A LIE.

BY R. C. SPENCER.

How sweet the waltz sound!
A little time from hence
The eyes that look around
Will see the play commence.

We sit—for you are nigh,
In that rich satin dress,
And blessing me—whilst I
Have nothing left to bless!

You're sitting here, ma belle,
As happy by my side
As though I loved you well—
You do not know I lied,

Not seeing, far between
My love and your rich head,
A willow waving green
Above a girl's cold bed!

That bright and golden time,
Ah, me! so long ago—
When in a far sweet clime
Night heard us whisper low!

A glimpse of that old shade
Where she and I sat oft,
To see the sunlight fade
And stars shoot out aloft;

I hear, as in a dream,
The sound of silver notes,
The sailing down the stream
Of white Italian boats!

While here the viola plays,
While here we "lovers" sit,
With nothing much to say
As is for lovers fit!

This lady whom I take
To-morrow to the altar,
Knows not for whose dead sake
My absent voice will falter!

Such things are better thus!
What good could knowledge do her?
I think she is not worse
Than he whose lie could woo her!

At length the play is o'er—
Come! lovers must have rest,
And some have rest no more
Who love a grave the best!

I linger while her shawl
I place o'er her fair shoulders,
While actors hear the call
Of duly pleased beholders.

Come! let us pass away!
There'll be a farce to-morrow,
If one poor actor's say
Should not be marred by sorrow!

To-morrow we are one!
O dead, dead love, for whom
My cheek is somewhat wan,
You sleep within your tomb!

We wed! One in a grave
And one alive left lonely!
O land where willows wave,
Where she is laid—my only!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVII.—MR. CRAWLEY IS SUMMONED TO BARCHESTER.

This scene which occurred in Hoggelstock church on the Sunday after Mr. Thumble's first visit to that parish had not been described with absolute accuracy either by the archdeacon in his letter to his son, or by Mrs. Thorne. There had been no footman from the palace in attendance on Mr. Thumble, nor had there been a battle with the brick-makers; neither had Mr. Thumble been put under the pump. But Mr. Thumble had gone over, taking his gown and surplice with him, on the Sunday morning, and had intimated to Mr. Crawley his intention of performing the service. Mr. Crawley, in answer to this, had assured Mr. Thumble that he would not be allowed to open his mouth in the church; and Mr. Thumble, not seeing his way to any further successful action, and contented himself with attending the services in his surplice, making thereby a silent protest that he, and not Mr. Crawley, ought to have been in the reading-desk and the pulpit.

When Mr. Thumble reported himself and his failure at the palace, he strove hard to avoid seeing Mrs. Proudie, but not successfully. He knew something of the palace habits, and did manage to reach the bishop alone on the Sunday evening, justifying himself to his lordship for such an interview by the remarkable circumstances of the case and the importance of his late mission. Mrs. Proudie always went to church on Sunday evenings, making a point of hearing three services, and three sermons every Sunday of her life. On week days she seldom heard any, having an idea that week-day services were an invention of the High Church enemy, and that they should therefore be vehemently discouraged. Services on saints' days she regarded as rank papacy, and had been known to accuse a clergyman's wife, to her face, of idolatry, because the poor lady had dated a letter St. John's Eve. Mr. Thumble, on this Sunday evening, was successful in finding the bishop at home, and alone, but he was not lucky enough to get away before Mrs. Proudie returned.

The bishop, perhaps, thought that the story of the failure had better reach his wife's ears from Mr. Thumble's lips than from his own.

"Well, Mr. Thumble!" said Mrs. Proudie, walking into the study, armed in her full Sunday evening winter panoply, in which she had just descended from her carriage. The church which Mrs. Proudie attended in the evening was nearly half a mile from the palace, and the coachman and groom

never got a holiday on Sunday night. She was gorgeous in a dark brown silk dress of awful stiffness and terrible dimensions; and on her shoulders she wore a short cloak of velvet and fur, very handsome withal, but so swelling in its proportions on all sides as necessarily to create more of dismay than of admiration in the mind of any ordinary man. And her bonnet was a monstrous helmet with the beaver up, displaying the awful face of the warrior, always ready for combat, and careless to guard itself from attack. The large contorted bows which she bore were as a grisly crest upon her casque, beautiful, doubtless, but majestic and fear-compelling. In her hand she carried her armor all complete, a prayer-book, a Bible and a book of hymns. These the footman had brought for her to the study door, but she had thought fit to enter her husband's room with them in her own custody.

"Well, Mr. Thumble!" she said.

Mr. Thumble did not answer at once, thinking probably that the bishop might choose to explain the circumstances. But neither did the bishop say anything.

"Well, Mr. Thumble!" she said again, and then she stood looking at the man who had failed so disastrously.

"I have explained to the bishop," said he. "Mr. Crawley has been contumacious—very contumacious, indeed."

"But you preached at Hoggelstock?"

"No, indeed, Mrs. Proudie. Nor would it have been possible, unless I had the police to assist me."

"Then you should have had the police. I never heard of anything so mismanaged in all my life—never in all my life."

And she put her books down on the study table and turned herself round from Mr. Thumble toward the bishop.

"If things go on like this, my lord," she said, "your authority in the diocese will very soon be worth nothing at all."

It was not often that Mrs. Proudie called her husband my lord, but when she did so, it was a sign that terrible times had come—times so terrible that the bishop would know that he must either fight or fly. He would almost endure anything rather than descend into the arena for the purpose of doing battle with his wife, but occasions would come now and again when even the alternative of flight was hardly left to him.

"But, my dear—," began the bishop.

"Am I to understand that this man has professed himself to be altogether indifferent to the bishop's prohibition?" said Mrs. Proudie, interrupting her husband and addressing Mr. Thumble.

"Quite so. He seemed to think that the bishop had no lawful power in the matter at all," said Mr. Thumble.

"Do you hear that, my lord?" said Mrs. Proudie.

"Nor have I any," said the bishop, almost weeping as he spoke.

"No authority in your own diocese?"

"None to silence a man merely by my own judgment. I thought, and still think, that it was for this gentleman's own interest, as well as for the credit of the church, that some provision should be made for his duties during his present—present—difficulties."

"Difficulties, indeed! Everybody knows that the man has been a thief."

"Now, my dear, I do not know it."

"You never know anything, bishop."

"I mean to say that I do not know it officially. Of course I have heard the sad story; and though I hope it may not be the—"

"There is no doubt about its truth. All the world knows it. He has stolen twenty pounds, and yet he is to be allowed to desecrate the church and imperil the souls of the people!"

The bishop got up from his chair and began to walk backward and forward through the room with short, quick steps.

"It only wants five days to Christmas Day," continued Mrs. Proudie, "and something must be done at once. I say nothing as to the propriety or impropriety of his being out on bail, as it is no affair of ours. When I heard that he had been bailed by a benighted clergyman of this diocese, of course I knew where to look for the man who would act with so much impropriety. Of course I was not surprised when I found that that person belonged to Framley. But, as I have said before, that is no business of ours. I hope, Mr. Thumble, that the bishop will never be found interfering with the ordinary laws of the land. I am very sure that he will never do so by my advice. But when there comes a question of inhibiting a clergyman, who has committed himself as this clergyman has unfortunately done, then I say that that clergyman ought to be inhibited."

The bishop walked up and down the room throughout the whole of this speech, but gradually his steps became quicker and his turns became shorter.

"And now here is Christmas Day upon us, and what is to be done?"

With these words Mrs. Proudie finished her speech.

"Mr. Thumble," said the bishop, "perhaps you had better now retire. I am very sorry that you should have had so thankless and so disagreeable a task."

"Why should Mr. Thumble retire?" asked Mrs. Proudie.

"I think it better," said the bishop. "Mr. Thumble, good-night."

Then Mr. Thumble did retire, and Mrs. Proudie stood forth in her full panoply of armor, silent and awful, with her helmet erect, and vouchsafed no recognition whatever of the parting salutation with which Mr. Thumble greeted her.

"My dear, the truth is, you do not understand the matter," said the bishop as soon as the door was closed. "You do not know how limited is my power."

"Bishop, I understand it a great deal better than some people; and I understand also what is due to myself and the manner in which I ought to be treated by you in the presence of the subordinate clergy of the diocese. I shall not, however, remain here to be insulted either in the presence or in the absence of any one."

Then the conquered Amazon collected together the weapons which she had laid upon the table, and took her departure with majestic step, and not without the clang of arms. The bishop, when he was left alone, enjoyed for a few moments the triumph of his victory.

But then he was left so very much alone! When he looked round about him upon his solitude after the departure of his wife, and remembered that he should not see her again till he should encounter her on the ground that was all her own, he regretted his own success, and was tempted to follow her and apologize. He was unable to do anything alone. He would not even know how to get his tea, as the very servants would ask questions if he were to do so unaccompanied a thing as to order it to be brought up to him in his solitude.

They would tell him that Mrs. Proudie was having tea in her little sitting-room up-stairs, or else that the things were laid in the drawing-room. He did wander forth to the latter apartment, hoping that he might find his wife there, but the drawing-room was dark and deserted, and so he wandered back again. It was a grand thing, certainly, to have triumphed over his wife, and there was a crumb of comfort in the thought that he had vindicated himself before Mr. Thumble; but the general result was not comforting, and he knew from of old how short-lived his triumph would be.

But wretched as he was during that evening, he did employ himself with some energy. After much thought he resolved that he should again write to Mr. Crawley, and summon him to appear at the palace. In doing this he would at any rate be doing something. There would be action. And though Mr. Crawley would, as he thought, decline to obey the order, something would be gained even by that disobedience. So he wrote his summons, sitting very comfortably and all alone on that Sunday evening, dating his letter, however, for the following day:

"PALACE, December 20, 186—"

"REVEREND SIR—I have just heard from Mr. Thumble that you have declined to accede to the advice which I thought it my duty to tender to you as the bishop who has been set over you by the church, and that you yesterday insisted on what you believed to be your right, to administer the services in the parish church of Hoggelstock. This has occasioned me the deepest regret. It is, I think, unavailing that I should further write to you my mind upon the subject, as I possess such strong evidence that my written word will not be respected by you. I have, therefore, no alternative now but to invite you to come to me here; and this I do, hoping that I may induce you to listen to that authority which I cannot but suppose you acknowledge to be vested in the office which I hold."

"I shall be glad to see you on to-morrow (Tuesday), as near the hour of two as you can make it convenient to yourself to be here, and I will take care to order that refreshment shall be provided for yourself and your horse."

"I am, reverend sir, etc.,"

"THOS. BARNUM."

"My dear," he said, when he did again encounter his wife that night, "I have written to Mr. Crawley, and I thought I might as well bring up the copy of my letter."

"I wash my hands of the whole affair," said Mrs. Proudie—"of the whole affair."

"But you will look at the letter?"

"Certainly not. Why should I look at the letter? My word goes for nothing. I have done what I could, but in vain. Now let us see how you will manage it yourself."

The bishop did not pass a comfortable night; but in the morning his wife did read his letter, and after that things went a little smoother with him. She was pleased to say that, considering all things—seeing, as she could not help seeing, that the matter had been dreadfully mismanaged, and that great weakness had been displayed—seeing that these faults had already been committed, perhaps no better step could now be taken than that proposed in the letter.

"I suppose he will not come," said the bishop.

"I think he will," said Mrs. Proudie; "and I trust that we may be able to convince him that obedience will be his best course. He will be more humble-minded here than at Hoggelstock."

In saying this the lady showed some knowledge of the general nature of clergymen, and of the world at large. She understood how much louder a cock can crow in its own farmyard than elsewhere, and knew that Episcopal authority, backed by all the solemn awe of palatial grandeur, goes much further than it will do when sent under the folds of an ordinary envelope. But though she understood ordinary human nature, it may be that she did not understand Mr. Crawley's nature.

But she was at any rate right in her idea as to Mr. Crawley's immediate reply. The palace groom who rode over to Hoggelstock returned with an immediate answer.

"Mr. Loup," said Mr. Crawley—"I will obey your lordship's summons, and, unless impediments should arise, I will wait upon your lordship at the hour you name to-morrow. I will not trespass on your hospitality. For myself, I rarely break bread in any house but my own; and as to the horse, I have none."

"I have the honor to be, my lord, etc.,"

"JOSIAH CRAWLEY."

"Of course I shall go," he had said to his wife, as soon as he had had time to read the letter, and make known to her the contents. "I shall go if it be possible for me to get there. I think I am bound to comply with the bishop's wishes in so much as that."

"But how will you get there, Joshua?"

"I will walk—with the Lord's aid."

Now Hoggelstock was fifteen miles from Barchester, and Mr. Crawley was, as his wife well knew, by no means fitted, in his present state, for great physical exertion. But from the tone in which he had replied to her, she well knew that it would not avail her to remonstrate at the moment. He had walked more than thirty miles in a day since they had been living at Hoggelstock, and she did not doubt but that it might be possible for him to do it again. Any scheme, which she may be able to devise for saving him from so terrible a journey in the middle of winter, must be pondered over silently, and without discussion. She made no reply, therefore, when he declared that on the following day he would walk to Barchester and back—with the Lord's aid; nor did she see, or ask to see the note which he sent to the bishop. When the messenger was gone, Mr. Crawley was all alert, looking forward with evident glee to his encounter with the bishop—smothering like a race-horse at the expected triumph of the coming struggle. And he read much Greek with Jane on that afternoon, pouring into her young ears, almost with joyous rapture, his appreciation of the glory and the pathos and the humanity, as also of the awful tragedy, of the story of *Edipus*. His very soul was on fire at the idea of clutching the weak bishop in his hand, and crushing him with his strong grasp.

In the afternoon Mrs. Crawley slipped out to a neighboring farmer's wife, and returned in an hour's time with a little story which she did not tell with any appearance of eager satisfaction. She had learned well what were the little tricks necessary to the carrying out of such a matter as that which she had now on hand. Mr. Mangie, the farmer, as it happened, was going to-morrow morning in his tax-cart as far as Framley Mill, and would be delighted if Mr. Crawley would take a seat. He remained at Framley the best part of the afternoon, and hoped that Mr. Crawley would take a seat back again. Now, Framley Mill was only half a mile off the direct road to Barchester, and was almost half way from Hoggelstock parsonage

to the city. This would, at any rate, bring the walk within a practicable distance. Mr. Crawley was instantly placed upon his guard, like an animal that sees the bait and suspects the trap. Had he been told that farmer Mangie was going all the way to Barchester, nothing would have induced him to get into the cart. He would have felt sure that farmer Mangie had been persuaded to pity him in his poverty and his strait, and he would sooner have started to walk to London than have put a foot upon the step of the cart. But this lift half way did look to him as though it were really fortuitous. His wife could hardly have been cunning enough to persuade the farmer to go to Framley, conscious that the trap would have been suspected had the bait been made more full. But I fear—I fear the dear good woman had been thus cunning—had understood how far the trap might be baited, and had thus succeeded in catching her prey.

On the following morning he consented to get into farmer Mangie's cart, and was driven as far as Framley Mill.

"I wouldn't think now, your reverence, of running you over into Barchester—that I wouldn't. The powny is so mortal good," said farmer Mangie in his foolish good-nature.

"And how about your business here?" said Mr. Crawley.

The farmer scratched his head, remembering all Mrs. Crawley's injunctions, and awkwardly acknowledged that to be sure his own business with the miller was very pressing. Then Mr. Crawley descended, terribly suspicious, and went on to his journey.

"Anyways, your reverence will call for me coming back?" said farmer Mangie.

But Mr. Crawley would make no promise. He bade the farmer not to wait for him. If they chanced to meet together on the road he might get up again. If the man really had business at Framley, how could he have offered to go on to Barchester? Were they deceiving him? The wife of his bosom had deceived him in such matters before now. But his trouble in this respect was soon dissipated by the pride of his anticipated triumph over the bishop. He took great glory from the thought that he would go before the bishop with dirty boots—with boots necessarily dirty—with rusty pantaloons, that he would be hot and mud-stained with his walk, hungry, and an object to be wondered at by all who should see him, because of the misfortunes which had been unworthily heaped upon his head; whereas, the bishop would be sleek, and clean, and well fed—pretty with all the prettiness that is becoming to a bishop's outward man. And he, Mr. Crawley would be humble, whereas the bishop would be very proud. And the bishop would be in his own arm-chair—the cock in his own farmyard—while he, Mr. Crawley, would be seated afar off, in the cold extremity of the room, with nothing of outward circumstances to assist him—a man called thither to undergo censure. And yet he would take the bishop in his grasp and crush him—crush him—crush him! As he thought of this he walked quickly through the mud, and put out his long arm and his great hand, far before him out into the air, and, there and then, he crushed the bishop in his imagination. Yes, indeed! He thought it very doubtful whether the bishop would ever send for him a second time. As all this passed through his mind, he forgot his wife's cunning and farmer Mangie's sin, and, for the moment, he was happy.

As he turned a corner round by Lord Lufton's park paling, who should he meet but his old friend Mr. Roberts, the parson at Framley—the parson who committed the sin of being bail for him—the sin, that is, according to Mrs. Proudie's view of the matter. He was walking with his hand still stretched out—still crushing the bishop, when Mr. Roberts was close upon him.

"What, Crawley! upon my word I am very glad to see you; you are coming up to me, of course?"

"Thank you, Mr. Roberts; no, not to-day. The bishop has summoned me to his presence, and I am on the road to Barchester."

"But how are you going?"

"I shall walk."

"Walk to Barchester. Impossible!"

"I hope not quite impossible, Mr. Roberts. I trust I shall get as far before two o'clock; but to do so I must be on my road."

Then he showed signs of a desire to go on upon his way without further parley.

"But, Crawley, do let me send you over. There is the horse and gig doing nothing."

"Thank you, Mr. Roberts; no. I should prefer the walk to-day."

"And you have walked from Hoggelstock?"

"No; not so. A neighbor coming hither, who happened to have business at your mill, he brought me so far in his cart. The walk home will be nothing. I shall enjoy it. Good-morning, Mr. Roberts."

But Mr. Roberts thought of the dirty road, and of the bishop's presence, and of his own ideas of what would be becoming a clergyman, and persevered.

"You will find the lanes so very muddy; and our bishop, you know, is apt to notice such things. Do be persuaded."

"Notice what things?" demanded Mr. Crawley, in an indignant tone.

"He, or perhaps she rather, will say how dirty your shoes were when you came to the palace."

"If he, or she, can find nothing unclean about me but my shoes, let them say their worst. I shall be very indifferent. I have long ceased, Mr. Roberts, to care what any man or woman may say about my shoes. Good-morning."

Then he stalked on, clutching and crushing in his hand the bishop and the bishop's wife, and the whole diocese—and all the Church of England. Dirty shoes, indeed! Whose was the fault that there were in the church so many feet soiled by unmerited poverty, and so many hands soiled by undeserved wealth? If the bishop did not like his shoes, let the bishop dare to tell him so! So he walked on through the thick of the mud, by no means picking his way.

He walked fast, and he found himself in the close half an hour before the time named by the bishop. But on no account would he have rung the palace bell one minute before two o'clock. So he walked up and down under the towers of the cathedral, and cooled himself, and looked up at the pleasant plate-glass in the windows of the house of his friend the dean, and told himself how, in their college days, he and the dean had been quite equal—quite equal, except that by the voices of all qualified judges in the university, he, Mr. Crawley, had been acknowledged to be the riper scholar. And now the Mr. Arabin of those days was Dean of Barchester—traveling abroad luxuriously at this moment for his delight, while he, Crawley, was perpetual curate at Hoggelstock, and had now walked into Barchester at the command of the bishop, because he was suspected of having stolen twenty pounds! When he had fully imbued his mind with the injustice of all

this, his time was up, and he walked boldly to the bishop's gate, and boldly rang the bishop's bell.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE BISHOP OF BARCHESTER IS CRUSHED.

Who inquires why it is that a little greased flour rubbed in among the hair on a footman's head—just one dab here and another there—gives such a tone of high life to the family? And seeing that the thing is so easily done, why do not more people attempt it? The tax on hair powder is but thirteen shillings a year. It may, indeed be that the slightest dab in the world justifies the wearer in demanding hot meat three times a day, and wine at any rate on Sundays. I think, however, that a bishop's wife may enjoy the privilege without such heavy attendant expenses; otherwise the man who opened the bishop's door to Mr. Crawley would hardly have been so ornamented.

The man asked for a card. "My name is Mr. Crawley," said our friend. "The bishop has desired me to come to him at this hour. Will you be pleased to tell him I am here?" The man again asked for a card. "I am not bound to carry with me my name printed on a ticket," said Mr. Crawley. If you cannot remember it, give me pen and paper, and I will write it." The servant somewhat awed by the stranger's manner, brought the pen and paper, and Mr. Crawley wrote his name:

"THE REV. JOSEPH CRAWLEY, M. A.,
Perpetual Curate of Hoggstock."

He was then ushered into a waiting-room, but, to his disappointment, was not kept there waiting long. Within three minutes he was ushered into the bishop's study, and into the presence of the two great luminaries of the diocese. He was at first somewhat disconcerted by finding Mrs. Proudie in the room. In the imaginary conversation with the bishop, which he had been preparing on the road, he had conceived that the bishop would be attended by a chaplain, and he had suited his words to the joint discomfiture of the bishop and of the lower clergyman; but now the line of his battle must be altered. This was no doubt an injury, but he trusted to his courage and readiness to enable him to surmount it.

He had left his hat behind him in the waiting-room, but he kept his old short cloak still upon his shoulders; and when he entered the bishop's room his hands and arms were hid beneath it. There was something lowly in this constrained gait. It showed, at least, that he had no idea of being asked to shake hands with the august persons he might meet. And his head was somewhat bowed, though his bald, broad forehead showed itself so prominent that neither the bishop nor Mrs. Proudie could drop it from their sight during the whole interview. He was a man who when seen could hardly be forgotten. The deep, angry, remonstrant eyes, the shaggy eyebrows, telling tales of frequent anger—of anger frequent but generally silent—the repressed indignation of the habitual frown, the long nose and large, powerful mouth, the deep furrows on the cheek, and the general look of thought and suffering, all combined to make the appearance of the man remarkable, and to describe to the beholders at once his true character. No one ever, on seeing Mr. Crawley, took him to be a happy man, or a weak man, or an ignorant man, or a wise man.

"You are very punctual, Mr. Crawley," said the bishop.

Mr. Crawley simply bowed his head, still keeping his hands beneath his cloak.

"Will you not take a chair nearer to the fire?" Mr. Crawley had not seated himself, but had placed himself in front of a chair at the extreme end of the room, resolved that he would not use it unless he were duly asked.

"Thank you, my lord," he said; "I am warm with walking, and, if you please, will avoid the fire."

"You have not walked, Mr. Crawley?"

"Yes, my lord. I have been walking."

"Not from Hoggstock?"

Now this was a matter which Mr. Crawley certainly did not mean to discuss with the bishop. It might be well for the bishop to demand his presence in the palace, but it could be no part of the bishop's duty to inquire how he got there.

"That, my lord, is a matter of no moment," said he. "I am glad at any rate that I have been enabled to obey your lordship's order in coming hither on this morning."

Hitherto Mrs. Proudie had not said a word. She stood back in the room, near the fire—more backward a good deal than she was accustomed to do when clergymen made their ordinary visits. On such occasions she would come forward and shake hands with them graciously—graciously even, if proudly; but she had felt that she must do nothing of that sort now; there must be no shaking hands with a man who had stolen a check for twenty pounds! It might probably be necessary to keep Mr. Crawley at a distance, and therefore she had remained in the background. But Mr. Crawley seemed to be disposed to keep himself in the background, and therefore she could speak.

"I hope your wife and children are well, Mr. Crawley," she said.

"Thank you, madam, my children are well, and Mrs. Crawley suffers no special ailment at present."

"That is much to be thankful for, Mr. Crawley." Whether he were or were not thankful for such mercies as these was no business of the bishop or of the bishop's wife. That was between him and his God. So he would not even bow to this civility, but sat with his head erect, and with a great frown on his heavy brow.

Then the bishop rose from his chair to speak, intending to take up a position on the rug. But as he did so Mr. Crawley, who had seated himself on an intuition that he was expected to sit down, rose also, and the bishop found that he would thus lose his expected vantage.

"Will you not be seated, Mr. Crawley?" said the bishop.

Mr. Crawley smiled, but stood his ground. Then the bishop returned to his arm-chair, and Mr. Crawley also sat down again.

"Mr. Crawley," began the bishop, "this matter which came, the other day, before the magistrates at Silverbridge, has been a most unfortunate affair. It has given me, I can assure you, the most sincere pain."

Mr. Crawley had made up his mind how far the bishop should be allowed to go without rebuke. He had told himself that it would only be natural, and would not be unbecoming that the bishop should allude to the meeting of the magistrates and to the alleged theft, and that therefore such allusion should be endured with patient humility. And, moreover, the more rope he gave the bishop, the more likely the bishop would be to entangle himself. It certainly was Mr. Crawley's wish that the bishop should entangle himself. He therefore replied very meekly:

"It has been most unfortunate, my lord."

"I have felt for Mrs. Crawley very deeply," said Mrs. Proudie.

Mr. Crawley had now made up his mind that as long as it was possible he would ignore the presence of Mrs. Proudie altogether; and therefore he made no sign that he had heard the latter remark.

"It has been most unfortunate," continued the bishop. "I have never before had a clergyman in my diocese placed in so distressing a position."

"That is a matter of opinion, my lord," said Mr. Crawley, who at that moment thought of a crisis which had come in the life of another clergyman in the diocese of Barchester, with the circumstances of which he had by chance been made acquainted.

"Exactly," said the bishop. "And I am expressing my opinion."

Mr. Crawley, who understood fighting, did not think that the time had yet come for striking a blow, so he simply bowed again.

"A most unfortunate position, Mr. Crawley," continued the bishop. "Far be it from me to express an opinion upon the matter, which will have to come before a jury of your countrymen. It is enough for me to know that the magistrates assembled at Silverbridge, gentlemen to whom no doubt you must be known, as most of them live in your neighborhood, have heard evidence upon the subject."

"Most convincing evidence," said Mrs. Proudie, interrupting her husband.

Mr. Crawley's black brow became a little blacker as he heard the word, but still he ignored the woman. He not only did not speak, but did not turn his eyes upon her.

"They have heard the evidence on the subject," continued the bishop, "and they have thought it proper to refer the decision as to your innocence or your guilt to a jury of your countrymen."

"And they were right," said Mr. Crawley.

"Very possibly. I don't deny it. Probably," said the bishop, whose eloquence was somewhat disturbed by Mr. Crawley's ready acquiescence.

"Of course they were right," said Mrs. Proudie.

"At any rate it is so," said the bishop. "You are in the position of a man amenable to the criminal laws of the land."

"There are no criminal laws, my lord," said Mr. Crawley; "but to such laws as these are we amenable—your lordship and I alike."

"But you are so in a very particular way. I do not wish to remind you what might be your condition now, but for the interposition of private friends."

"I should be in the condition of a man not guilty before the law—guiltless as far as the law goes—but kept in durance, not for faults of his own, but because otherwise, by reason of laches in the police, his presence at the assizes might not be insured. In such a position a man's reputation is made to hang for a while on the trust which some friends or neighbors may have in it. I do not say that the test is a good one."

"You would have been put in prison, Mr. Crawley, because the magistrates were of opinion that you had taken Mr. Soames's check," said Mrs. Proudie.

On this occasion he did look at her. He turned one glance upon her from under his eyebrows, but he did not speak.

"With all that I have nothing to do," said the bishop.

"Nothing whatever, my lord," said Mr. Crawley.

"But, bishop, I think you have," said Mrs. Proudie. "The judgment formed by the magistrates as to the conduct of one of your clergymen makes it imperative upon you to act in the matter."

"Yes, my dear, yes; I am coming to that. What Mrs. Proudie says is perfectly true. I have been constrained most unwillingly to take action in this matter. It is undoubtedly the fact that you must at the next assizes surrender yourself at the court-house yonder, to be tried for this offense against the laws."

"That is true. If I be alive, my lord, and have strength sufficient, I shall be there."

"You must be there," said Mrs. Proudie. "The police will look to that, Mr. Crawley."

She was becoming very angry in that the man would not answer her a word. On this occasion again he did not even look at her.

"Yes; you will be there," said the bishop.

"Now that is, to say the least of it, an unseemly position for a beneficed clergyman."

"You said before, my lord, that it was an unfortunate position, and the word, methinks, was better chosen."

"It is very unseemly, very unseemly indeed," said Mrs. Proudie; "nothing could possibly be more unseemly. The bishop might very properly have used a much stronger word."

"Under these circumstances," continued the bishop, "looking to the welfare of your parish, to the welfare of the diocese, and allow me to say, Mr. Crawley, to the welfare of yourself also—"

"And especially to the souls of the people," said Mrs. Proudie.

The bishop shook his head. It is hard to be impressively eloquent when one is interrupted at every best turned period, even by a supporting voice.

"Yes; and looking, of course, to the religious interests of your people, Mr. Crawley, I came to the conclusion that it would be expedient that you should cease your ministrations for a while."

The bishop paused, and Mr. Crawley bowed his head. "I, therefore, sent over to you a gentleman with whom I am well acquainted, Mr. Thumble, with a letter from myself, in which I endeavored to impress upon you, without the use of any severe language, what my convictions were."

"Severe words are often the best mercy," said Mrs. Proudie. Mr. Crawley had raised his hand, with finger out, preparatory to answering the bishop. But as Mrs. Proudie had spoken, he dropped his finger and was silent.

"Mr. Thumble brought me back your written reply," continued the bishop, "by which I was grieved to find that you were not willing to submit yourself to my counsel in the matter."

"I was most unwilling, my lord. Submission to authority is at times a duty—and at times opposition to authority is a duty also."

"Opposition to just authority can not be a duty, Mr. Crawley."

"Opposition to usurped authority is an imperative duty," said Mr. Crawley.

"And who is to be the judge?" demanded Mrs. Proudie.

Then there was silence for a while, when, as Mr. Crawley made no reply, the lady repeated her question.

"Will you be pleased to answer my question, sir? Who, in such a case, is to be the judge?"

But Mr. Crawley did not please to answer her question.

"The man is obstinate," said Mrs. Proudie.

"I had better proceed," said the bishop. "Mr.

Thumble brought me back your reply, which grieved me greatly."

"It was contumacious and indecent," said Mrs. Proudie.

The bishop again shook his head and looked so unutterably miserable, that a smile came across Mr. Crawley's face. After all, others besides himself had their troubles and trials. Mrs. Proudie saw and understood the smile, and became more angry than ever. She drew her chair close to the table and began to fidget with her fingers among the papers. She had never before encountered a clergyman so contumacious, so indecent, so un-reverend—so upsetting. She had had to do with men difficult to manage—the archdeacon for instance—but the archdeacon had never been so impertinent to her as this man. She had quarreled once openly with a chaplain of her husband's, a clergyman whom she herself had introduced to her husband, and who had treated her very badly—but not so badly, not with such unscrupulous violence, as she was now encountering from this ill-dressed, beggarly man, this perpetual curate, with his dirty, broken boots, this already half-convicted thief! Such was her idea of Mr. Crawley's conduct to her, while she was fingering the papers—simply because Mr. Crawley would not speak to her.

"I forget where I was," said the bishop. "Oh! Mr. Thumble came back, and I received your letter—of course I received it. And I was surprised to learn from that, that in spite of what had occurred at Silverbridge, you were still anxious to continue the usual Sunday ministrations in your church."

"I was determined that I would do my duty at Hoggstock, as long as I might be left there to do it," said Mr. Crawley.

"Duty!" said Mrs. Proudie.

"Just a moment, my dear," said the bishop. "When Sunday came, I had no other alternative but to send Mr. Thumble over again to Hoggstock. It occurred to us—to me and Mrs. Proudie—"

"I will tell Mr. Crawley just now what has occurred to me," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Yes, just so. And I am sure that he will take it in good part. It occurred to me, Mr. Crawley, that your first letter might have been written in haste."

"It was written in haste, my lord; your messenger was waiting."

"Yes, just so. Well, so I sent him again, hoping that he might be accepted as a messenger of peace. It was a most disagreeable mission for any gentleman, Mr. Crawley."

"Most disagreeable, my lord."

"And you refused him permission to obey the instructions which I had given him? You would not let him read from your desk or preach from your pulpit?"

"Had I been Mr. Thumble," said Mrs. Proudie, "I would have read from that desk, and I would have preached from that pulpit."

Mr. Crawley waited a moment, thinking that the bishop might perhaps speak again; but as he did not, but sat expectant as though he had finished his discourse, and now expected a reply, Mr. Crawley got up from his seat and drew near to the table.

"My lord," he began, "it has all been just as you have said. I did answer your first letter in haste."

"The more shame for you," said Mrs. Proudie. "And therefore, for aught I know, my letter to your lordship may be so worded as to need some apology."

"Of course it needs an apology," said Mrs. Proudie.

"But for the matter of it my lord, no apology can be made, nor is any needed. I did refuse to your messenger permission to perform the services of my church, and if you send twenty more, I shall refuse them all—till the time may come when it will be your lordship's duty, in accordance with the laws of the church—as borne out and backed by the laws of the land—to provide during your constrained absence for the spiritual wants of those poor people at Hoggstock."

"Poor people, indeed," said Mrs. Proudie. "Poor wretches!"

"And my lord, it may well be, that it shall soon be your lordship's duty to take due and legal steps for depriving me of my benefice at Hoggstock; nay, probably, for silencing me altogether as to the exercise of my sacred profession!"

"Of course it will, sir. Your gown will be taken from you," said Mrs. Proudie.

The bishop was looking with all his eyes up at the great forehead and great eyebrows of the man, and was so fascinated by the power that was exercised over him by the other man's strength, that he hardly now noticed his wife.

"It may well be so," continued Mr. Crawley. "The circumstances are strong against me; and though your lordship has altogether misunderstood the nature of the duty performed by the magistrates in sending my case for trial—although, as it seems to me, you have come to conclusions in this matter in ignorance of the very theory of our laws—"

"Sir," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Yet I can foresee the probability that a jury may discover me to have been guilty of theft."

"Of course the jury will do so," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Should such verdict be given, then, my lord, your interference will be legal, proper, and necessary. And you will find that, even if it be within my power to oppose obstacles to your lordship's authority, I will oppose no such obstacle. There is, I believe, no appeal in criminal cases."

"None at all," said Mrs. Proudie. "There is no appeal against your bishop. You should have learned that before."

"But till that time shall come, my lord, I shall hold my own at Hoggstock as you hold your own here at Barchester. Nor have you more power to turn me out of my pulpit by your mere voice, than I have to turn you out of your throne by mine. If you doubt me, my lord, your lordship's ecclesiastical court is open to you. Try it there."

"You defy us, then?" said Mrs. Proudie.

"My lord, I grant your authority as bishop to be great, but even a bishop can only act as the law allows him."

"God forbid that I should do more," said the bishop.

"Sir, you will find that your wicked threats will fall back upon your own head," said Mrs. Proudie. "Peace, woman!" Mr. Crawley said, addressing her at last.

The bishop jumped out of his chair at hearing the wife of his bosom called a woman. But he jumped rather in admiration than in anger. He had already begun to perceive that Mr. Crawley was a man who had better be left to take care of the souls at Hoggstock, at any rate till the trial should come on.

"Woman!" said Mrs. Proudie, rising to her feet as though she really intended some personal encounter.

"Madam!" said Mr. Crawley, "you should not interfere in these matters. You simply debase your husband's high office. The distaff were more fitting for you. My lord, good-morning."

And before either of them could speak again, he was out of the room and through the hall and beyond the gate, and standing beneath the towers of the cathedral. Yes, he had, he thought, in truth crushed the bishop. He had succeeded in crumpling the bishop up within the clutch of his fist.

He started in a spirit of triumph to walk back on his road toward Hoggstock. He did not think of the long distance before him for the first hour of his journey. He had had his victory, and the remembrance of that braced his nerves and gave elasticity to his sinews, and he went stalking along the road with rapid strides, muttering to himself from time to time, as he went along, some word about Mrs. Proudie and her distaff. Mr. Thumble would not, he thought, come to him again—not at any rate, till the assizes were drawing near. And he had resolved what he would do then. When the day of his trial was near, he would himself write to the bishop, and beg that provision might be made for his church in the event of the verdict going against him. His friend Dean Arabin was to be home before that time, and the idea had occurred to him of asking the dean to see to this; but now the other would be the more independent course, and the better.

And there was a matter as to which he was not altogether well pleased with the dean, although he was so conscious of his own peculiarities as to know that he could hardly trust himself for a judgment. But at any rate, he would apply to the bishop—to the bishop whom he had just left prostrate in his palace—when the time of his trial should be close at hand.

Full of such thoughts as these he went along almost gayly, nor felt the fatigue of the road till he had covered the first five miles out of Barchester. It was nearly four o'clock, and the thick gloom of the winter evening was making itself felt. And then he began to be fatigued. He had not as yet eaten since he had left his home in the morning, and he now pulled a crust out of his pocket and leaned against a gate as he crunched it. There were still ten miles before him, and he knew that such an addition to the work he had already done would task him very severely. Farmer Mangie had told him that he would not leave Framley Mill till five, and he had got time to reach Framley Mill by that time. But he had said that he would not return to Framley Mill, and he remembered his suspicion that his wife and Farmer Mangie between them had cozened him. No; he would persevere and walk—walk, though he should drop upon the road. He was now nearer fifty than forty years of age, and hardships as well as time had told upon him. He knew that though his strength was good for the commencement of a hard day's work, it would not hold out for him as it used to do. He knew that the last four miles in the dark night would be very sad with him. But still he persevered, endeavoring, as he went, to cherish himself with the remembrance of his triumph.

He passed the turning going down to Framley with courage, but when he came to the further turning, by which the cart would return from Framley to the Hoggstock road, he looked wistfully down the road for Farmer Mangie. But Farmer Mangie was still at the mill, waiting in expectation that Mr. Crawley might come to him. But the poor traveler paused here barely for a minute and then went on, stumbling through the mud, striking his ill-covered feet against the rough stones in the dark, sweating in his weakness, almost tottering at times, and calculating whether his remaining strength would serve to carry him home. He had almost forgotten the bishop and his wife before at last he grasped the wicket-gate leading to his own door.

"Oh, mamma, here is papa!"

"But where is the cart? I did not hear the wheels," said Mrs. Crawley.

"Oh, mamma, I think papa is ill."

Then the wife took her drooping husband by both arms and strove to look him in the face.

"He has walked all the way and he is ill," said Jane.

"No, my dear; I am very tired, but not ill. Let me sit down, and give me some bread and tea, and I shall recover myself."

Then Mrs. Crawley, from some secret hoard, got him a small modicum of spirits, and gave him meat and tea, and he was docile, and, obeying her behests, allowed himself to be taken to his bed.

"I do not think the bishop will send for me again," he said, as she tucked the clothes around him.

EXTINCT SPECIES.

THE most marked examples of the passing away of animal species within periods of time, in some cases not very remote, pronounced of even in an historical sense, is seen in the record of certain gigantic birds. The largest individuals of the feathered tribes now extant are ostriches; but the time was when these plumed denizens of the Sahara were small indeed by comparison with existing species. Some idea of the bulk of the Epiornis—an extinct species—may be gathered from a comparison of the bulk of one of its eggs with that of other birds. According to M. Isidore Geoffroy, who some time since presented one of these to the French Academy of Sciences, the capacity of it was no less than eight litres and three-fourths. This would prove it to be about six times the size of the ostrich's egg, one hundred and forty-eight times that of an ordinary fowl, and no less than fifty thousand times the size of the egg of the humming-bird. The egg exhibited was one of the very few that have been discovered; hence nothing tends to the belief that it was one of the largest. The first knowledge of the existence of this gigantic bird was acquired in 1851. The sole remains of the species hitherto found are some egg-shells and a few bones. These suffice, however, for an ideal reproduction of the creature under the syncretical treatment of comparative anatomy. The Epiornis inhabited Madagascar. The creature's height could not have been less than from nine to twelve feet, and the preservation of its remains are such as to warrant the belief in its comparatively recent existence.

STREET SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.—There is a story told of Thomas Campbell, the poet, passing one evening through the streets of London with a friend, and being attracted by a crowd eagerly listening to a street-singer. Pausing for a little, "I think I know that song," said Campbell. "Of course you do," said his friend; "it is your own 'Exile of Erin.'" "Ah!" rejoined the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," "I have not heard it these twenty years; this is popularly indeed." Mentioning this story one afternoon in Grosvenor street, as an illustration of the nature of real popularity, the late amiable, gifted and accomplished Lady Donaghy said that Bellini and Rossini had once a friendly dispute regarding the degrees of popularity attained by their music. "My songs are sung in the streets of Paris and London," said Bellini. "Ah," retorted Rossini, "but mine *grind*!" meaning that they were played on the *harpe-organes*; "which," added the narrator, "you must admit is a severe test for any melody."



ECOLE MILITAIRE



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHAMP DE MARS AND ITS ENVIRO

this little town, which ordinarily is passed by without notice, is now attracting the attention of the whole civilized world. The town is the grand duchy of the same name; and being, from its position, a point of great strategic value in a European war, it has been fortified by its successive possessors until it is now considered, next to Gibraltar, the strongest place in Europe. The population of the town is about 11,500 persons, and that of the duchy 170,000.

Opening of the New Italian Parliament.

This illustration shows the ceremony of inauguration of the new career of Italy in constitutional government. The ceremonies were quite similar with those used everywhere in opening the meetings of deliberative bodies, but in this instance acquired a peculiar significance, from the fact that they inaugurated the commencement of a new career for Italian nationality, which may resume the position she held in the middle ages as the leader of thought, of art and of liberty in Europe.

Laying the Corner-Stone of a Monument at Nice, to the Memory of the Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia.

On the 21st of March, 1867, the corner-stone of a monument, in memory of the Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, was laid at Nice, in Italy. The Grand Duke died at the Villa Bernadotte, in 1865, and the Emperor of Russia having purchased the house and the surrounding ground, has commanded the erection of this monument. The design of the structure was furnished by M. Grimm, a professor at the Academy of St. Petersburg, and its interior will be decorated with paintings by Russian artists.

IN THE MEADOW.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

We walked in the meadow, one morning in summer,
And gathered some blossoms that grew by the way,
And heard in the woodlands the brown partridge drummer
Beat up his brown soldiers to drill for the day.
The robins were singing their songs, sweet and merry,
And blue birds were caroling, plaintive and clear,
And far away up in the limbs of a cherry,
The sound of a mother-bird's talk we could hear.

The air was astir with a jubilant chorus,
The fields and the woodlands were bright with a smile,
And the blue sky bent tenderly, lovingly o'er us,
No cloud in its brightness to stain or defile.

We stopped by the stile where the fragrant sweet clover
Held up to the morning its clusters of red,
For the kiss of the sun, as a girl to her lover
Lifts up her pink cheek with her wishes unsaid.

We paused in our walk, and looked out on the meadows
That glistened afar in the smile of the morn,
And noticed the shifting and tremulous shadows
The blithe breezes made in the rows of the corn.

How happy the winds were that whispered around us,
And laughed in our faces with frolicsome glee,
And the many sweet flowers in rain strove to drown us,
In waves of sweet odors, a deep fragrant sea.

"Did you hear what the wind said?" I asked of the maiden,
That walked by my side with her hand in my own;
She answered: "Ah, no! for the breezes are laden
With too many whispers to hear one alone."

"I heard," low I answered: "they said, 'See those lovers,
They walk through the meadow, each heart full of bliss;
The secret the wind-nymph most quickly discovers,
'Tis told in a look, in a word or a kiss.'"

She blushed, and I saw all the roses grow paler
With envy and longing. She lifted her eyes,
With a shy, feigned expression that could not avail her—
I knew that she felt neither fear or surprise.

So I kissed her, and then all the winds fell to singing
Some merry glad song that was almost a psalm,
And down deep in my heart was a melody ringing,
That chimed with all nature in infinite calm.

ALL ABOUT BALLOONS.

From the very earliest record of the world the art of flying through, or navigating the air, has been a subject of prominence before mankind. That its progress should be gradual, and the art of aeronautics should take centuries to bring into practical effect, is not surprising, any more than the fact that the navigation of water has from the very first record we have of it, Noah's Ark, gone on in its improvement by most sluggish steps, the first knowledge of the building of a ship having come in direct instruction to him from God. From that crude attempt, to the magnificent floating palaces of this day, the progress has been far slower than the progress of ballooning, and only he who is ignorant of human progression and the history of art will deny that the day is rapidly coming when the air will be navigated with as much safety and practical effect as the water.

The first ideas we receive from the ancients on the subject of navigating the air, comes in the shape of mythology, or legend. We have the story of Phaeton struck by the thunder of Jupiter from his chariot drawn by flying steeds, and the story of Daedalus and Icarus, father and son. The first having constructed waxen wings for both, essayed a flight, after first instructing Icarus not to fly too low or too high, lest he might

be caught by the sea or singed by the sun. The youth was heedless, soared too high, and paid for it by melting his wings and meeting death in the waves.

In the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto, 1474, he describes the aerial flight of Astolpho, an English Knight, in a flying chariot, to the source of the Nile. From the writers of the early and middle ages we have many instructions upon the art of passing through the air, some of them hinting strongly upon balloons and their inflation with gas. Albertus Magnus in his "Mirabilibus Naturalibus," written about 1240, says:

"Take one pound of sulphur, two pounds of willow carbon, and six pounds of rock-salt ground very fine in a mortar. Place when you please in a covering made of flying papyrus to produce thunder. The covering, in order to ascend and float away, should be long, graceful, and well filled with this fine powder."

This is nothing more than a fire balloon, the motive power being the flashing of gunpowder.

Sorcery and witchcraft had its strongest point in flying through the air, and the modes are so many, from the old woman on her broom to the mailed knight on his griffin, as to be unrecordable.

Roger Bacon, born in 1214, was, without doubt, the first who really understood the principles of aeronautics. In his "Epistle on the Secrets of Nature," he proposes "a hollow globe of copper, to be filled with ethereal air or liquid fire, and then launched from an elevated position into the air, where it will float like a vessel on water."

From that time until the ending of the 17th century no actual attempts were made to navigate the air by balloons, but many were made by constructing wings or other flying apparatus, all of which were lamentable failures. About the year 1670, a Jesuit, Francis Lana, proposed to do so by four copper globes, 20 feet in diameter, exhausted of air, and attached to a boat or car. The scheme of course was impracticable, the pressure of the atmosphere demolishing his globes. In 1709 a friar, Bartolomew de Gusman, petitioned the King of Portugal for aid to construct a machine to carry passengers swiftly through the air, but the Inquisition took him in hand, and stopped his flying.

Which brings us down to the year 1783, when the brothers Etienne Jacques and Joseph Michael Montgolfier astonished all the world with their successes. On the 5th of June of that year, at Amonnas, thirty-six miles from Lyons, France, in the presence of some thousands of spectators, they sent a balloon 110 feet in circumference, and containing 22,000 feet of vapor, 6,000 feet into the air, which, after moving 7,668 feet horizontally, fell gently to the ground.

The effect of this experiment was to awaken all France, and the savans taking it in hand, a subscription was soon raised, and a balloon of silk was constructed, which, upon the 27th of August, 1783, was sent up from the Champ de Mars, Paris. Its circumference was 38 feet, and the gas with which it was inflated was made from the blending of iron-filings with vitriolic acid. Three hundred thousand people witnessed its ascent in a heavy rain. It was supposed to have burst at an elevation of 20,000 feet, and fell in three-quarters of an hour after its ascent, at a place called Gonesse, ten miles from Paris. The affrighted inhabitants, under the leadership of two monks, attacked it with guns, pitchforks and clubs, supposing it to be some monstrous animal, finally destroying it.

On the 19th of September following, at Versailles, the Montgolfiers, with another balloon, in the presence of the king, queen and court, sent a sheep, a cock and a duck into the air, being the first living things that traveled in an aerostatic machine.

And now comes the memorable time when a man ventured to enter the great unknown atmosphere. The subject had been proposed, and the king ordered that two criminals under sentence of death should be selected for that purpose. M. Pilatre de Rozier, a noted savant and President of the Museum of Paris, bearing of this resolve, said:

"What, shall a criminal have the honor of being the first to perform so great an act?"

He appealed to the king for permission to occupy what he considered the post of honor, and after much entreaty obtained it.

On the 15th of October, 1783, the balloon in which the ascent was to be made was finished in a garden in the Faubourg St. Antoine. It was forty-eight feet in diameter, elegantly painted and decorated, with a car attached about three feet broad. Just above this car was an iron brazier suspended from the balloon by iron chains, into which was put the material for creating the gas or hot air to supply the machine. Rozier took his place in the car, and the balloon being filled with hot or rarified air, rose. It was confined with ropes which only allowed it to go eighty-four feet from the ground, at which elevation he kept it for several minutes by throwing straw and wool upon the fire.

On the 17th the experiment was repeated, and the balloon allowed to ascend to the height of 262 feet, when it was drawn down, and M. Gironde de Villette entered the car with him, being the second aeronaut, they then ascended to the height of 330 feet, remaining perfectly steady for nine minutes.

But the grand experiment was yet to be made, and on the 21st of November, in the same year, it came off in the gardens of the palace of La Minette, in the Bois de Boulogne. Rozier, accompanied by the Marquis d'Orlandes, made a detached ascension, rising beyond the reach of the gaze of all Paris, and after remaining twenty-five minutes in the air, descended in a field five miles distant.

To describe the effect of these experiments on all Europe is impossible. The people went balloon man. Venerable paterfamilias were suddenly transformed into savans, and the youthful minds flew at once into balloon-making. The air was filled with amateur attempts at infantile ma-

chine, and the noses of half the civilized world were turned skyward watching for appearances in the air.

In England it took root, and during the month of November, 1783, Count Lambeccari, an Italian, made a balloon of oiled silk, gilded all over, and on the 25th of that month, in the presence of thousands of spectators, it was sent up from the artillery ground, London. Two hours and a half after it was found at Graffham, in Sussex, forty-eight miles from London.

In the same month, at Paris, two brothers, named Roberts, constructed the first balloon to ascend with hydrogen gas, and M. Charles invented the valve to facilitate the letting off gas, that they might descend at pleasure.

On Monday, the 1st of December, M. Charles, and one of the Roberts, ascended with this machine from the Tuilleries, having all Paris for spectators, remaining one hour and three-quarters in the air, descending at Neale, twenty-seven miles distant from Paris.

At this time the universal Yankee came into play, and Messrs. Rittenhouse & Hopkins, of Philadelphia, constructed a machine consisting of forty-seven small hydrogen balloons attached to a car, with which, on the 28th of December, 1783, Mr. James Wilcox, a carpenter, ascended. Finding himself approaching the Schuylkill River rather faster than he fancied, he made incisions with a knife in five of the balloons, and as a consequence came tumbling down at a rate that dislocated his wrist, and cured him of all aerostatic ambition, but giving him the credit of being the first American balloonist.

In Great Britain the first ascension was made by a Mr. Tytler, at Edinburgh, on the 27th of August, 1784, with a Montgolfier balloon. He rose some thousands of feet and descended half a mile distant, thus winning the honor of being the first English aeronaut.

Then came Vincent Lunardi, who, having constructed a globe thirty-two feet in diameter, after much opposition and difficulty, ascended on the 15th of September, 1784, from the artillery ground, London, in the presence of 250,000 people. The success of his ascent was wonderful; having reached the height of three miles, and remaining in the air two hours and fifteen minutes, he descended at Ware, in Hertfordshire, twenty-six miles from London. Of course Lunardi at once became the hero of the day, and ballooning the fashion and passion. He was presented at court, patronized by the king, and lionized by the nobility. Subscriptions were opened for him, and considerable money raised.

On the 19th of September, 1784, at Paris, the brothers Roberts and Mr. Colin Hulin ascended, remaining in the air six hours and forty minutes, and again astounded all Europe by traveling during that time 150 miles.

At Lyons, on the 4th of June, 1784, a Madame Thibaut ascended with M. Fleuraud, this being the first lady aeronaut. They arose to the height of 8,500 feet, and traveled two miles in forty-five minutes.

On the 16th of October, in the same year, the second ascent was made in England by Messrs. Blanchard and Sheldon, from Chelsea, two miles distant from London, which was rapidly followed by other voyages by Mr. Blanchard, until, on the 7th of January of the following year, accompanied by a Dr. Jeffries, he made an ascent from Dover Castle, and after crossing the Channel, landed in the forest of Guines, near Calais, in France.

Over this wonderful voyage there was great enthusiasm, a grand banquet being given in honor of the aeronaut, the freedom of the city voted him, and lastly, a message from the king took him to Paris, where a gift of 12,000 livres, and a pension of 1,200 livres was given him, while on the spot where he alighted a monument was erected.

The next air voyage worthy of record was that in which Pilatre de Rozier lost his life. This occurred on the 15th of June, 1785, and the shout of joy that had gone up from all Europe for the past two years was hushed in a wail of sorrow for the loss of the enthusiastic and daring Rozier.

The balloon was a new one, constructed on the combined principles of the Montgolfier and the hydrogen, or charbon. His companion was M. Romaine, and scarce thirty minutes had elapsed when, to the horror of the thousands of spectators, the machine was seen in flames. It wavered and swayed for a few moments, and then fell a shapeless mass to the earth, its occupants dashed to instant death. This threw a chill over ballooning, but nevertheless experiments went on, among which that of Testu-Brissay, who ascended in 1786, on horseback, without tying the animal to the car, may be reckoned the most curious.

In 1797 M. Garnevin invented the parachute, and on the 23d of October made a safe descent in one from a height of 6,000 feet. The story of the balloon that Garnevin sent up in celebration of the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon is another in the link of romances in that great man's career. The colossal machine was sent up at midnight on the day of coronation, from Paris, decked in color and gold, and blazing with 3,000 lights. On the following morning the people of Rome saw the vast globe sailing through the air toward them. It hung for some moments over St. Peter's and the Vatican, descends, touches the very house-tops, leaves the imperial crown that decked its top on an angle of the tomb of Nero, and then drops dragged and torn into Lake Bracciano.

Napoleon, who was always a believer in clemency, never liked balloons after this, and from that time until his deposition, aerostatic experiments were not encouraged in France.

At this time Garnevin was the leading balloonist, and added much to science by his ascents, especially his nocturnal ones.

The first attempt to cross the Irish Channel was made by Mr. Sadler, on the 1st of October, 1812, from Dublin, but he descended in the sea and was rescued by a fishing-boat. The next attempt was by his son, Windham Sadler, on the 22d of June, 1817, which was successful, accom-

plishing the going from Dublin to Holyhead in five hours and twenty-five minutes.

From this time so rapidly did the art of ballooning progress in England, that the air-traveling monsters were no longer a novelty, even to the most rustic of her people. Mr. Charles Green did much to advance the art, and in 1827 made his seventieth ascent.

In this country we had various attempts at aeronautics, but it was not until Mr. John Wise made his debut in Philadelphia on the 2d of May, 1835, that much science or interest was brought to bear upon the subject. He has left a record of his numerous and wonderful voyages, in a book published in Philadelphia in 1850. Mr. Green, in the year 1836, built an immense balloon, called "The Great Nassau," for the proprietors of Vauxhall Garden, London, which could contain 85,000 cubic feet of gas, and capable of carrying twenty persons. In this great machine many wonderful voyages were made, among the most notable of which was that from Vauxhall Gardens, landing in the Duchy of Nassau, after eleven hours' travel of over 500 miles.

Immediately after this voyage an accident occurred that threw a cloud over ballooning for a while. A Mr. Cocking had invented a parachute that he believed would supersede Garnevin's. He ascended in July, 1837, attached to the Great Nassau balloon, and seated in his parachute, and at an elevation of 5,000 feet detached himself. The result was a collapse of the parachute, and the dashing to death of Mr. Cocking. There can be no doubt that the principle was right but that he lost his life through the bad construction of the machine.

From the time of the construction of the Great Nassau, until the building of Nadar's "Le Geant," there was hardly a balloon construction deserving of especial notice.

The height of this vast machine, "Le Geant," or "The Giant," is 196 feet, and its lifting capacity equal to 9,000 pounds, or 50 persons. The car was built of wicker, of two stories, and mounted on four wheels. The first ascent of the Giant was made on the 4th of October, 1863, from the Champ de Mars, in the presence of 80,000 spectators. There were fifteen persons, one of whom was a lady, the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, in the car; the lady hearing of the voyage as she was dining in the Champs Elyées, instantly drove to the place of ascent, and insisted on making one of the party. It made its second ascent on the 18th of the same month, carrying up nine persons, having previously made a short ascent with thirty-two persons. It left its moorings at 5 p. m., and at 8.30 was heard from seventy-eight miles from Paris, finally descending near Eustruz, in Hanover, having traveled 750 miles in seventeen hours.

Among the extraordinary tales connected with ballooning, that of M. Delaville Dedreux is most strange. He published a book in Paris, in 1863, purporting to give an account of balloons in the celestial empire, entitled, "Le Navigation Aerienne du Chine," and declares in its pages that having in the year 1860 penetrated to the interior of China, he found there balloons in constant use for carrying passengers from one point to another, and stations where many of the aerial establishments were kept ready for constant use. They were oblong in form, and had attached to each several cars. They were of snowy whiteness, and traveled at the rate of from seventy-five to one hundred miles an hour.

The use of balloons in war has been agitated in almost every struggle that France, England, or this country has had since 1790, but without any real practical effect until used in our late rebellion, in the army of the Potomac, under the superintendence of Mr. Lowe. Under the French Republic they met with some encouragement, and at the battle of Fleurus, and in the armies of the Rhine and Rhine; in 1795, Napoleon used them a little in Egypt, and the Austrians are said to have used them before Venice, in 1849, and the Russians at Sebastopol. The French did so in the Italian campaign of 1859, but it was reserved for the war in this country to bring forth the great use of the balloon in making reconnaissances.

We had a regular balloon corps of about fifty men, under the command of Mr. Lowe, a practical aeronaut, who has made some of the most wonderful balloon voyages on record, with all the apparatus for carrying out the practical use of the machines.

Countless inventions and propositions have been made for guiding balloons, but so far nothing has succeeded. The one that seemed to suit the views of practical men best, was "Henson's Aerial Carriage," but its feasibility was finally rejected by all, and it has sunk into lumber. The principle for which Nadar is now contending in France, is the seven, and by way of encouraging the public to assist him in carrying out his views, he asks several millions of dollars to experiment with. These ideas are shared by many of the most scientific men of France. The principle is daily illustrated to the passengers on Broadway, by the man who stands upon the corner to sell for twenty-five cents a top that flies into the air, and comes gently down by the aid of a screw.

Of the same nature are the ideas of M. de la Landelle, an eminent French savant and practical aeronaut.

Ballooning has had two serious things to contend with; firstly, the loss of life with those who have experimented to bring it to its present perfection, and, secondly, ridicule. The first is what must inevitably follow all attempts to develop a new science to which danger is attached. The navigation of the sea was not brought to its present perfection without the sacrifice of a hecatomb of lives, or the rapid motion of a locomotive over the earth, without a like drawback. With regard to the second, ridicule, it is less likely to check the inventor than it is to discourage those who would aid him. It is the weapon of the ignorant, and in such unskilful hands might be despaired.

There is a future for aerostation, despite the fears and prejudices of the masses. Though the science is in its very infancy, we feel sure that the casualties among navigators of the air have not been greater in proportion than among those who go down to the sea in ships. Up to the year 1849, M. Depreux Delcourt gives a list of five hundred and four aeronauts, and only ten casualties. Five of these, Rozier, Romain, Olivani, Bittorff and Lambecarri, were killed through the perils of the mongolian balloon; Madame Blanchard from the fireworks she was exhibiting; Mr. Harris to the ignorance of the art; M. Mo ment to bravado on a platform; Mr. Windham Sadler to roughness of the weather and Mr. Cocking to the causes already related. Of these five hundred and four, there were three hundred and thirteen English, and up to that date only three Americans. Forty-nine of them were ladies. Mr. Green, the veteran English aeronaut, had made two hundred and forty-nine ascensions up to 1849, while other members of his family had made five hundred and thirty-five.

We predict that there are many now upon the earth who will live to see the navigation of the air brought to that practical point that they will travel as they now travel by rail-cars or steamers, only with a speed increased five-fold, and that such a result is not half as improbable as was the navigation of the sea by steam half a century ago.

A DRIVE IN THE PARK AND ON THE ROAD.

It being one of those delicious, balmy days of spring time, that inspires the mind of man with the beautiful creations of nature, and gives a royal emerald tint to the peeping foliage of the forest, and wafts the sweet perfume of many fragrant flowers upon the gentle breeze, rendering a drive through our Central Park and on, upon the road one of rare enjoyment, and free from the sultry heat of midsummer or the cutting blasts of hoary winter, we, upon the kind invitation of a friend, take our seat with him behind a pair of well-known trotters, leave the stables and turn into that great thoroughfare of fashion the Fifth Avenue, and strike for the Park, to participate in the enjoyment and observe the "nobs" in all their grandeur moving up and down, like an ever-changing panorama, presenting codfish snobs, shoddy and the old legitimate Knickerbocker aristocracy in all their many different phases. We find the avenue densely crowded with vehicles of every description, all moving toward that great point of attraction, our noble Park.

After much difficulty, in consequence of the many improvements causing obstructions on this fine avenue, making it impossible to pass at some points unless, Indian fashion, single file, we reach the south-east entrance, and as we turn in amid the crowd of fashionable equipages, liveried coachmen and footmen, rich trappings, prancing steeds, sparkling beauty, gay cavaliers attendant upon their fair and blooming lady-loves, mounted upon metallic chargers; children on beautiful ponies; foreign swells, in English dog-carts, driving tandem; nobs, in velvet coat and white riding unmentionables, top-boots and spurred, astride of spirited animals; young and old sports of the road in delicate little half-seal or square box road-wagons, with celebrated trotting-stock behind the bib, we wonder what part of the world can equal such a glittering exhibition of wealth? The ladies display the richest of toilets, and recline in magnificent luxuriance in costly equipages.

But we must observe the most notable frequenters of this fashionable resort: There goes that great patronizer of the turf, L. W. Jerome, with his immense coach, and driving four-in-hand. The precious freight which loads the magnificent turn-out consists of some of the most lovely and elegantly-dressed ladies of upper-tendom; every eye is turned in compliment to this regal display of vanishing beauty as it flits past. Close behind, we see an apparently little, old, doubled-up gentleman, in an open road wagon, behind a pair of small sorrels, gliding along with an easy and graceful motion; that is Colonel Harper, and he will show a .35 gait when out on the road. Behind him comes Mr. Barker with his celebrated team, Bruno and Brutus; and further on we see William H. Vanderbilt, with his black and sorrel. Here comes August Belmont in an English dog-cart, driving two fine blooded blacks tandem; and down the hill yonder we see Leland with his phaeton and fine team. Here comes a crowd around the turn; we pull up to "save paint," and for fear of getting in a jam.

What bewitching faces and sparkling eyes are those twinkling from that splendid phaeton just passed? There dashes along, at break-neck gait, an equestrian who has lost his hat; see that heavy coat go over it! There goes a gay and jollicious party of young ladies, seated in a magnificent phaeton, drawn by four beautiful horses, the driver cracking his long whip merrily over the leaders; one of that party is the son of one of our wealthiest merchant princes—see, he raises his castor politely to the occupant of a very stylish equipage as it passes; a noted courtesan. There goes Thomas Baker, the celebrated chef d'orchestra, with his sorrel; and here comes Ex-Mayor Harper and family behind a fine pair of blacks.

Now we turn the north-east corner of the new reservoir, and the New Hotel comes in view—that delicious rest eat for the Park frequenters during the oppressive heat of summer and the piercing blasts of winter. Wasn't my wine and oyster-suppers in its cozy rooms the sight of it brings to our recollection! From here we have a fine view of the islands in the East River and the public institutions on them. There is Blackwell's, with its dark and gloomy Penitentiary; Randall's, with its charitable institutions, the Insane Asylum, Poor-House, etc.; and, far beyond, the beautiful village of Astoria. Still further in the distance we see the quiet village of Flushing, with its beautiful bay, at least twelve miles from the spot on which we stand.

To the left the river winds its way north-east until its entrance Long Island Sound, and is lost in the distance. Here, as we, seemingly, lies Harlem; beyond, Mott H. v. n. Morrisania, Melrose, &c., almost embedded among the green trees and hills, a very picturesque scene. To the west we see that noble piece of architecture, and monument of skill, the High Bridge, standing out in bold relief, as it spans from each lofty summit with its beautiful arches; further to the left we see the wonderful Palisades on the magnificent Hudson, and the celebrated Washington Heights; follow them south-west, and find that they form a continuous chain of hills, and as we arrive opposite Blackford's Station, the New Hotel we see this chain of hills continue down and connect with Harlem Heights, upon which we now are. To the right of us and just past the northern entrance to the Hotel, is an old Redoubt built by our forefathers in the dark days of the Revolution and used during the battle of Harlem Heights, fought on the ground around us. This Redoubt is kept intact, and is quite a feature among the many natural curiosities of the northern extremity of the Park. On the opposite side of the deep ravine is an old style building built of brick, square in form, called by some, "Washington's Powder House," by others, a Block House; it is also a relic of "the time that tried men's souls." We now pass down the northern slope of the Heights, through Sleepy Hollow, over the Cascade around Harlem Lake, out of the Park, and emerge upon "Harlem

Lane," that noted trotting ground for fast horses. Here every one shows the speed of their horses. We pass "Lure," and our team knowing the pace, "strike a trot." Here they go, "up and down, full speed, everybody 'brushing' with his neighbor, no one willing to 'take dust.' Here comes a string; the lane is full; there goes Dan Cashman with his fast pair, and stout Andrews after him; here comes Colonel Harper again; "whiz," he is gone by, and quickly overhauls them all; there goes "Leadbeater," J. P. Son, Martin, and Dr. Hal, with his "pacer," together, each playing the whip, manipulating the lines, or "talking" their horses along at a rapid gait.

Here go two city clerks out for a lark, each in a top-wagon with hired horses; they catch the infection and go in for a race at a 4-minute gait. Now we strike the railroad, and ease up, jog our team a breathing spell until we reach 125th street, which we cross, and are again on spreading ground, and among the "fliers." See what a crowd line the road opposite the "Club House;" it has the appearance of being a holiday. They are enjoying the fun, watching the many brushes between the "fast ones," as they go by. Here comes Charles Weisk at a spanking gait, with his robbin'-blue mare; Ever Faithful, Ever True; Mr. Voorhees, with his fast team; Harker, with his valuable team; Mr. Bunckell, with his fine team; Mr. Griswold, with Lucknow and mate; D. B. Allen, with his bay mare; William Allen, with his strong "tandem team" of sorrels to a light square box-wagon; Alfred Cately, with his pair of blacks—Lady Butler and Gipsy; all go by at a spanking gait, hard to work to see "who is who" at "Dubois's" track. Yonder comes Ed Jones with his fine team, and Mr. Brock alongside, and Mr. Phyle close after them.

We drive in under the sheds at the Club House, and go on the front piazza and mingle with the crowd of sports to watch the celebrated trotters as they fly past; we listen to the different opinions passed upon the horses and their owners, who seem to be public property, and find that the speakers are as well informed upon the merits of the "nags" as the groomers who care for them, and upon the owner's affairs as his own family, and some queer things are let slip once in a while. Hark! there is a hurry and commotion; the crowd leaves the sides of the road, and a rush for places of safety. Here comes tearing down the road at a full gallop a team of horses attached to a top-wagon; they go by at a break-neck pace and strike a barouche just below, which clears the horses, and leaves the top-wagon almost a pile of rubbish on one side of the road. Away go the horses on their mad career past 125th street, and they are soon out of sight.

A crowd assembles around the remains of the wagon, inquiring "Was there any one in it? Was there anybody hurt? Whose team was it?" It is drawn aside, and the crowd make their former positions, and the trotting goes on as if nothing had occurred, and in a few moments the accident is forgotten in the excitement before them.

Such is American character. We look up and down the road and see it full of vehicles of every description: open barouches, with jolly parties; Dutch grocery wagons with temporary seats, filled with men and women; old rickety cigs, squeaking at every turn of the wheels; antiquated-looking animals hitched in all sorts of ways to all sorts of conveyances, which always create a laugh, and call forth some witty remarks from the bystanders. Such are the scenes as witnessed opposite the Club House on any fine day when New York is out on the road.

The drive at this point is always kept in fine condition, and as smooth as a race-track, and affords a fine opportunity to gentlemen to exhibit the speed they pay so much for and prize so highly. No New Yorker should fail to pay a visit to the road, if fond of that noble animal the horse. While we are talking, many of our friends have slipped by without our notice; but as the road is so full, and so many to mention, we may not find room to designate all as they continually pass up or down. Here we see a fine black stallion to a sulky, awaiting for some one like him to go up the road with; and directly in front, jogging along, is one of the fanciest "turn-outs" to be seen on the road; it is a little too fancy—a green and gold stripe square box-wagon, fancy Afghan, stylish pair of black horses, and a large "mustache" driving them. There goes, at a rush, Howard, with his fast horse Littlemoke; De Forrest, with his fine team; and there goes a fine stepper, with Tallman driving him; and after him goes, at a fearful gait, Benny Mace, with Up-and-Up, and Tom Cregar after him, and William Waltemire, with a Patchen colt, and Lordard with his beautiful mare Ida; Risley, with Buckskin and mate; O. B. Gray, with his black, and William S. Wyse, with his sorrel Frank; all have cut loose and pass like a locomotive. We step inside with a friend and see that old turrito and clever host, Vandewater, explaining to a circle of sporting friends his mode of breaking colts; take some soda, light a cigar, and rest for a moment in an easy arm-chair, surrounded by some of the old horsemen of New York, and then return to the remembrance of by-gone times, when Third Avenue was the trotting ground, and old Harlem track was used, and the Red House in its glory, and bob-tail nags all the style, and a 2.40 gait something extra.

We hear some one exclaim: "Here they come!" and we start for the front again to see the sport, and see a "white neck-tie" coming up the road; a ministerial-looking elderly gentleman is attracting attention, and as we look in that direction, we exclaim with others: "There goes Commodore Vanderbilt with his celebrated team, Bruno and Brutus; and further on we see William H. Vanderbilt, with his black and sorrel. Here comes August Belmont in an English dog-cart, driving two fine blooded blacks tandem; and down the hill yonder we see Leland with his phaeton and fine team. Here comes a crowd around the turn; we pull up to "save paint," and for fear of getting in a jam.

What bewitching faces and sparkling eyes are those twinkling from that splendid phaeton just passed? There dashes along, at break-neck gait, an equestrian who has lost his hat; see that heavy coat go over it! There goes a gay and jollicious party of young ladies, seated in a magnificent phaeton, drawn by four beautiful horses, the driver cracking his long whip merrily over the leaders; one of that party is the son of one of our wealthiest merchant princes—see, he raises his castor politely to the occupant of a very stylish equipage as it passes; a noted courtesan. There goes Thomas Baker, the celebrated chef d'orchestra, with his sorrel; and here comes Ex-Mayor Harper and family behind a fine pair of blacks.

Now we turn the north-east corner of the new reservoir, and the New Hotel comes in view—that delicious rest eat for the Park frequenters during the oppressive heat of summer and the piercing blasts of winter. Wasn't my wine and oyster-suppers in its cozy rooms the sight of it brings to our recollection! From here we have a fine view of the islands in the East River and the public institutions on them. There is Blackwell's, with its dark and gloomy Penitentiary; Randall's, with its charitable institutions, the Insane Asylum, Poor-House, etc.; and, far beyond, the beautiful village of Astoria. Still further in the distance we see the quiet village of Flushing, with its beautiful bay, at least twelve miles from the spot on which we stand.

Then all is excitement; every one tries his utmost to be foremost—we feel exhilarated, and our horses catch the infection. We "speak" to them, and an extra link is let out—we hold our own, and sweep along at a spanking gait. Down the road we go! Everybody turns out of the way and looks after us. As we whiz past the Club House we catch a cheer and exclamations of admiration at the bursts of speed as exhibited by the different trotters as they fly past, urged to the top of their gait to gain the advantage at 125th street, where we must all pull up. Now comes the tug. We feel the excitement increase. We are in the middle, our horses trotting steadily and true, but forced along at such a tremendous gait, we know we must reach the ruling pair or be carried off our feet. The thing cannot last. There goes the team ahead "up!" We take their place, and find ourselves alongside another, and on our left comes, at great speed, a team we know can beat us. What a splendid burst of speed! We are in despair for a moment, when the crack of a whip breaks the team up, and we ride in safe and sound—pull up, not beaten. Saved by the "skin of our teeth," we jog alongside the rule, "blow our noses," congratulate our friends on the movement of their horses and receive their congratulations in return, and after a little pleasant "chaff," arrive at "the lane;" and having the lead, bounce off, knowing from experience a stern chase is a great disadvantage, leaving the others to follow, which they all do readily, and come close after us. And away we speed down the lane and have another exciting repetition of the trial of speed all the way down until we arrive at the 110th street entrance to the Park, where we all pull up, and jog leisurely down through the beautiful winding roads of Central Park to our different stables, bidding each a good-night as our friend is turned off on the avenue, and arrive home, quite delighted with our afternoon's sport in the Park and on the road.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE EIGHTEENTH LECTURE—CAUDLE, WHILEST WALKING WITH HIS WIFE, HAS BEEN BOWED TO BY A YOUNGER AND EVEN PRETTIER WOMAN THAN MRS. CAUDLE.

"If I'm not to leave the house without being insulted, Mr. Caudle, I had better stay in-doors all my life."

"What! Don't tell me to let you have one night's rest! I wonder at your impudence! It's mighty fine, I never can go out with you, and—goodness knows!—it's seldom enough, without having my feelings torn to pieces by people of all sorts. A set of bold minxes! What am I raving about? Oh, you know very well—very well, indeed, Mr. Caudle. A pretty person she must be to nod to a man walking with his own wife! Don't tell me that it's Miss Prettyman—what's Miss Prettyman to me? Oh! You've met her once or twice at her brother's house? Yes, I dare say you have—no doubt of it. I always thought there was something very tempting about the house—and now I know it all. Now, it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your beginning to talk loud, and twist and toss your arms about as if you were as innocent as a born babe—I'm not to be deceived by such tricks now. No; there was a time when I was a fool and believed anything; but—I thank my stars!—I've got over that."

"A bold minx! You suppose I didn't see her laugh, too, when she nodded to you! Oh yes, I knew what she thought me; a poor, miserable creature, of course. I could see that. No—don't say so, Caudle. I don't always see more than anybody else—but I can't and won't be blind, however agreeable it might be to you; I must have the use of my senses. I'm sure, if a woman wants attention and respect from a man, she'd better be anything than his wife. I've always thought so; and to-day's decided it."

"No; I'm not ashamed of myself to talk so—certainly not. A good, amiable young creature, indeed! Yes; I dare say; very amiable, no doubt. Of course, you think her so. You suppose I didn't see what sort of a bonnet she had on? Oh, a very good creature! And you think I didn't see the smudges of court-plaster about her face? You didn't see 'em? Very likely; but I did. Very amiable, to be sure! What do you say? I made her blush at my ill-manners? I should like to have seen her blush! 'Twould have been rather difficult, Mr. Caudle, for a blush to come through all that paint. No—I'm not a censorious woman, Mr. Caudle; quite the reverse. No; and you may threaten to get up, if you like—I will speak. I know what color is, and I say it was paint. I believe, Mr. Caudle, I once had a complexion; though, of course, you've quite forgotten that; I think I once had a color before your conduct destroyed it. Before I knew you, people used to call me the Lily and Rose; but—what are you laughing at? I see nothing to laugh at. But as I say, anybody before your own wife."

"And I can't walk out with you but you're bowed to by every woman you meet! What do I mean by every woman, when it's only Miss Prettyman? That's nothing at all to do with it. How do I know who bows to you when I'm not by? Everybody of course. And if they don't look at you, why, you look at them. Oh! I'm sure you do. You do it even when I'm out with you, and of course you do it when I'm away. Now, don't tell me, Caudle—don't deny it. The fact is, it's become such a dreadful habit with you, that you don't know when you do it, and when you don't. But I do."

"Miss Prettyman, indeed! What do you say? You won't be still and hear me scandalize that excellent young woman? Oh, of course, you'll take her part! Though, to be sure, she may not be so much to blame after all. For how is she to know you're married? You're never seen out of doors with your wife—never. Wherever you go, you go alone. Of course people think you're a bachelor. What do you say? You tell me you're not? That's nothing to do with it—I only ask what must people think, when I'm never seen with you? Other women go out with their husbands; but as I've often said, I'm not like any other woman. What are you sneering at, Mr. Caudle? How do I know you're sneering? Don't tell me; I know well enough, by the movement of the pillow."

"No; you never take me out—and you know it. No; and it's not own my fault. How can you lie there and say that? Oh, all a poor excuse! That's what you always say. You're tired of asking me, indeed, because I always start some objection? Of

course I can't go out a figure. And when you ask me to go, you know very well that my bonnet isn't as it should be—or that my gown hasn't come home—or that I can't leave the children—or that something keeps me in-doors. You know all this, well enough before you ask me. And that's your art. And when I do go out with you, I'm sure to suffer for it. Yes; you needn't repeat my words. Suffer for it. But you suppose I have no feelings; oh no, nobody has feelings but yourself. Yes; I'd forgot; Miss Prettyman, perhaps—yes, she may have feelings, of course."

"And as I've said, I dare say a pretty dupe people think me. To be sure; a poor forlorn creature I must look in everybody's eyes. But I know you couldn't be at Mr. Prettyman's house night after night till eleven o'clock—and a great deal you thought of me sitting up for you—I know you couldn't be there without some cause. And now I've found it out! Oh, I don't mind you swearing, Mr. Caudle! It's I, if I wasn't a woman, who ought to swear. But it's like you men, Lords of the creation, as you call yourselves! Lords, indeed! And pretty slaves you make of the poor creatures who're tied to you. But I'll be separated, Caudle; I will; and then I'll take care and let all the world know how you've used me. What do you say? I may say my word! Ha! don't you tempt any woman in that way—don't, Caudle; for I wouldn't answer for what I said."

"Miss Prettyman, indeed, and—oh yes! now I see! Now the whole light breaks in upon me! Now I know why you wished me to ask her for Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman to tea! And I, like a poor blind fool, was nearly doing it. But now, as I say, my eyes are open! And you'd have brought her under my own roof—now it's no use your bouncing about in that fashion—you'd have brought her into the very house, where—"

"Here," says Caudle, "I could endure it no longer. So I jumped out of bed, and went and slept somehow with the children."

Inauguration of the Great Exposition, Paris.

THIS illustration shows the ceremony of inauguration of the Great Exposition on the 1st of April. The moment selected is that when the Emperor and Empress, having left the Tuileries at three-quarters past one, alighted exactly at two at the imperial pavilion, and were received by the Princess Mathilde, the Prince of Orange, President of the Commission of the Pays Bas; the Count of Flanders, President of the Commission for Belgium; the Duke of Leuchtenberg, President of the Commission for Russia; and the Prince and Princess Murat. Passing then into the grand vestibule, the royal party were received by the Imperial Commission, and then proceeded to make the tour of the building, a proceeding which occupied about two hours. The accounts received so far do not seem to indicate that the exhibition is a success, but probably such a judgment is premature. The time allowed for building the structure, and receiving and arranging the contributions was too small, so that on the day appointed for the opening the whole building was in disorder. But with time this fault will be remedied, and the Great Exposition will doubtless prove as interesting and successful a one as has ever been projected.

The Story of William Tell.

THE strongest attack upon the authenticity of the story of William Tell is found in Jacob Grimm, in his "Gedanken über mythos Epos Gedichte," inserted in Francis Schlegel's "Deutsches Museum," vol. III, p. 58. He places the Saga of Tell by the side of that of Bertha the Spinner (Spinners Bertha). He does not deny that in the Swiss Revolution of 1307 a governor of one of the cantons met his death by the boldness of a peasant; but he denies the truth of all the accessory circumstances, and asserts that the people, struck by the courage of the act, embellished the story by mixing up with it an ancient fable which was found in five or six different Sagas. It is found in the "Vilkin Saga," nearly as follows, in the translation of "Van der Hagen; Nordische Helden Romance:"

"One day the King Nidung, who had often heard of the skill of the archer Egil, desired that an apple should be placed on the head of Egil's son, and commanded him to shoot at it. He was restricted to one arrow, and nevertheless he put three in his quiver. At the first shot the arrow hit the apple; and the memory of this remarkable feat was never effaced from the minds of the people. It excited the admiration of the King, who was curious to know the object of three arrows, the archer being limited to the use of one. 'Sire,' replied Egil, 'I will not deceive you; if I had killed my son, the two remaining arrows were destined to your destruction.' History asserts that the candor of the answer was not displeasing to the King, who pardoned Egil for the sake of his courage and audacity."

This tradition belongs to the fabulous times of Iceland. It was probably from thence that it found its way into Denmark; for according to Adam de Bremen, in his "Ecclesiastical History," ambassadors came over from Iceland, from Greenland and the Orkneys, as early as 1050, in the days of the Archbishop Adalbert. Grimm believes that the old English ballads of "Adam Bell," "Cyril of the Clench," and "William of Clontarf," may also have their origin in the Swiss Saga. These noted outlaws (as famous in the North of England as Robin Hood in the Midland Counties) are supposed to have lived before Robin Hood, who was himself anterior to William Tell by a hundred years (from 1190 to 1240).

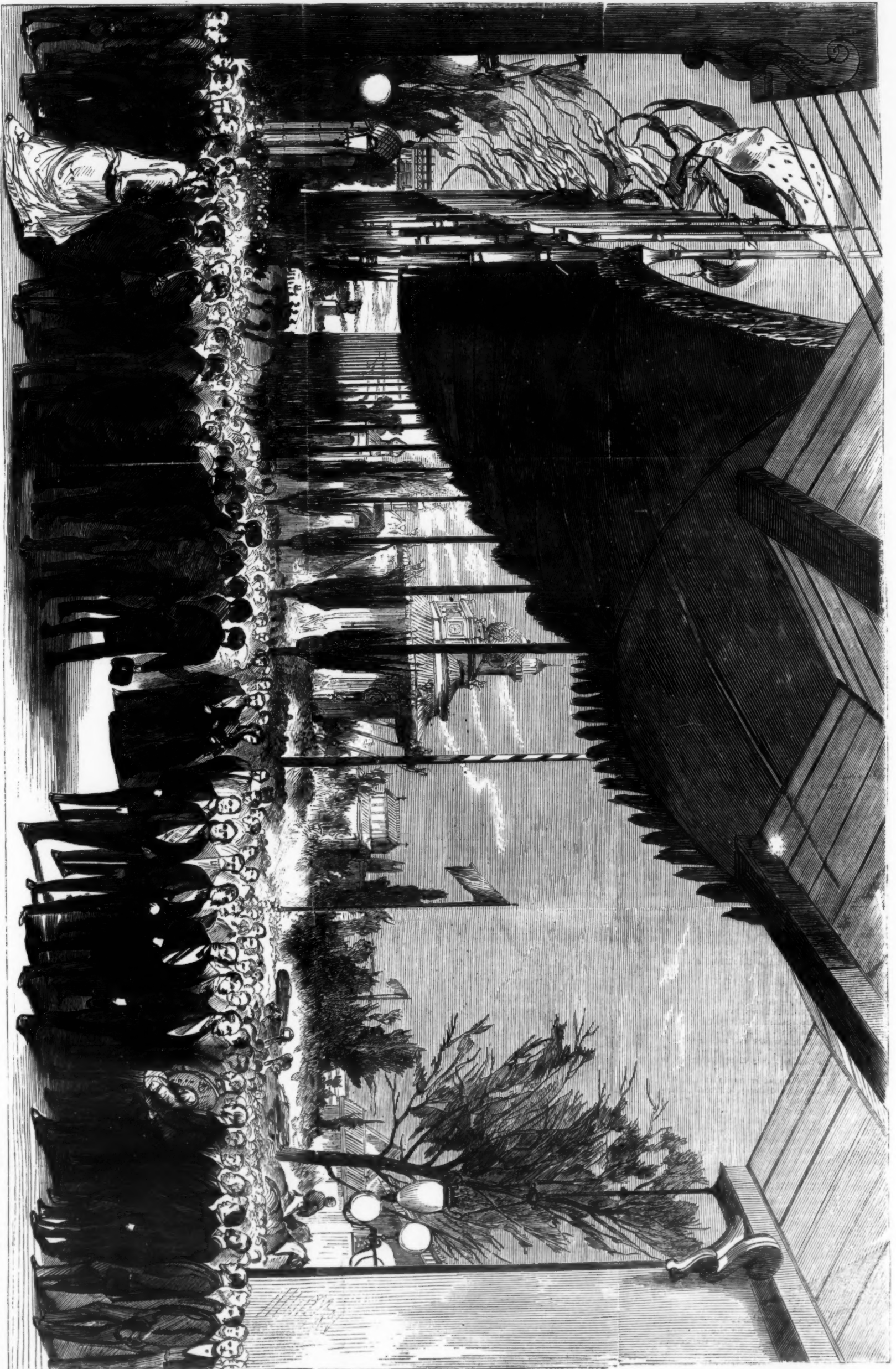
Even the most reluctant critic must be startled to find that so remarkable a story as that of "William Tell" is not mentioned until a whole century after the history of the Swiss Revolution of 1307. Melchior Russ, and the Two Literatures, chroniclers of the last half of the fifteenth century, do not even give the year of the occurrence. All that can be gathered from them is, that it must have taken place before the celebrated battle of Morgarten—probably ten, fifteen, or twenty years previously. It is impossible to fix the epoch, from the account given by these annalists.

In 1836 Mr. Scheller, of Lucerne, edited the chronicle of Melchior Russ, who was killed at the battle of Rheinfeld in 1499. In the learned notes that he has added, he states some well-founded doubts on the history of William Tell. These doubts amounted almost to certainty in the work of Kopp, who in his collection of documents relating to the Swiss Confederation, shows the unsoundness of the tradition, which represents William Tell as an avenger of oppressed liberty. He proves that the writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries all place the history of Tell at different epochs; that the two extreme dates are separated by a space of nearly half a century; that there is a manifest contradiction in the legends, which asserts that a prebendary Count of Seedorf, and not Gessler, gave the cruel order fulfilled by Tell. He shows further that the Government of Küssnacht, the canton in which the circumstance is said to have taken place, was never under the rule of a Gessler. These facts are drawn from some charters which give the uninterrupted succession of the Governors of Küssnacht. The notes added by M. Kopp to his work contain an accurate information, which goes far to shake the basis on which this legend rests.



THE OPENING OF THE GREAT PARIS EXPOSITION, APRIL 1, 1867.

INAUGURATION OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION AT PARIS, FRANCE, BY THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS, APRIL 1st.—RECEPTION OF THEIR MAJESTIES UNDER THE CANOPY AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE GRAND VESTIBULE. SEE PAGE 123.



"JEEVES PIPES DRIFTING."

LANGHAM HOTEL, PORTLAND PLACE,
London, 14th April, 1867.

MY DEAR F. L. L. N.:

One of the dailies here, the other day, remarked that it looked as if a portion of the royal family had turned acrobats, for in the Court Circular it was announced that "Her Majesty and Princess Louise walked and rode on pikes this morning!"

The Princess of Wales gets no better—indeed, I heard yesterday that it was feared that the leg would have to be amputated.

I went through the Houses of Parliament the other day, and saw a few of the "nobles." "Dizzy" (as they disrespectfully call the Chancellor of the Exchequer) was sitting with his arms folded, his chin resting on his breast, seemingly in deep meditation; Lord Derby, with his hat drawn over his eyes and compressed lips, looked as though he was ready to snap up the first fellow that came in his way; the Duke of Argyll, with his intellectual forehead, straight Auburn hair and agreeable expression, was a passive looker-on; while the Bishop of London (I think it was), with his immense lawn sleeves and quiet voice was speaking upon some (to him and to his audience, no doubt) very important question; Bright and Gladstone were pointed out to me. I had the honor of being presented to the Earl of Curdigan, who, as you may remember, led the celebrated "charge" at Balaklava; his lordship very kindly promised to give me an account (a very brief one, he said,) of the affair, in which he took so prominent a part: he is an extremely handsome, soldierly-looking man, and of very prepossessing manners.

By-the-way, before I forget it, here's an item that I feel assured all American travelers will read with interest: Three or four doors from the Langham Hotel, at the top of Regent street, you will see the name, Gilead A. Smith, American Commission Merchant, 15 Langham place. Well, here you will find all the principal American journals on file, luxurious rooms, handsomely furnished, where you can sit in peace and quiet and fill yourself with Yankee literature, and all free! No twopenny, threepenny, or two shillings and sixpence a week or a month! It is really a luxury, and Mr. Smith (a most courteous and gentlemanly American merchant) deserves the thanks of his countrymen for his great consideration and kindness in this particular. Dion Boucicault, the most successful "playwright" in England, is going to "edit" L. A. Wallack's "Rose-dale." It is to be brought out next week at the Haymarket, with Sothorn in the principal part.

There is, I am happy to state, a genuine comedian on the London boards—no gammon, no nonsense, no claptrap, no humbug—a first-class, Simon-pure actor. His name is L. L. Toole. His acting, a sort of "Tiger" part in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Lost in London," is something great; and he will be, if he is not now, in his line, the lion of the day. I have seen nothing like the acting of Mr. Toole since I have been in England, and never in America! What a fortune is in store for him in your country! He has also the advantage of youth, for he cannot be over twenty-six or twenty-seven.

"Blind Tom" has been here, and, his agent, Mr. Howard, tells me, has made money; he goes to Paris to play before the Emperor.

Butman, the irrepressible, is in town, and has doubtless some immense project on hand.

In the way of actresses, there is a little jewel at the Princess's Theatre by the name of Miss Katharine Rodgers, that made a great hit in T. W. Robertson's play of "Shadow Tree Shaft." She is now performing in Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend." Besides being extremely pretty, and possessing one of the most delightfully winning voices imaginable, she has intellect, and throws into all her impersonations a genuineness of feeling and expression that is most refreshing and fascinating. She is universally esteemed in private, and would, at one of the leading New York theatres, take the town by storm! I have strongly advised her to come to America.

In my last letter I made a mistake in saying that the Reverend J. M. Bellow, the reader and sensational minister here, was a relative of the artist. It is not so. I am informed by your old associate, J. A. W. (now on a visit to his native heath, near Witchurch), that the reverend gentleman's name is "Higginson," and that he was originally from India. He preaches remarkably well—although I do not like his voice—and he has a certain theatrical manner about him which is rather painful than pleasing.

I heard Mr. Charles Dickens read, on Monday, "David Copperfield," and "Bob Sawyer's Party." The latter was simply delicious. He is a wood-rind reader, or actor, or both, and is the most popular in England.

Arthur Skelchley is coming to New York in August. Let him have a kind reception. He brings with him "Mrs. Brown at the Play." My friends John E. Develin and Mr. Rose will take him to the St. Denis Hotel, where Mr. Mosher or Colonel Gerardus Post Hildman will see him nicely bestowed.

The Langham Hotel, kept by Colonel J. M. Sanderson, is the place for all the Americans, and the more, when they arrive, they simply have to tell "cabby" to take them to Portland place, and they will be charmed and delighted with the appointments of the house and the genial welcome of the handsome landlord.

Miss Glyn (Mrs. Dallas) is talking of coming to America; she will be a "card," I think; she "reads" Shakespeare, and next to Fanny Kemble, they say, is the best here.

If these lines should be read by an old member of the New York Club, say Judge Monson (of California), General Ned Potter, or Temple Emmet, they will be glad to hear that one of the founders of the Club is here, "right-side up," jolly and well; yes, the veteran "Bricks"—W. Berkeley Beatty, Esq., now of the Junior Carlton Club, and with whom I dined the other day, is in capital preservation, and speaks with love and affection of his old New York friends.

CONCERNING CUCKOOS.

The male cuckoo differs but little from the female. The whole length of the bird is about fourteen inches, and the female is rather smaller than the male. Yarrell says: "The adult male cuckoo has the back bluish black, except at the base, where it is pale brown; the irides yellow; the head, neck, and upper tail-coverts bluish gray; quill-feathers rather darker, and the broad inner webbs barred with white; tail long and graduated, the middle pair of feathers being the longest and the outside feathers the shortest; the color grayish black, tipped with white, and a few white spots on the centre and sides. Chin, neck, and upper part of the breast, ash gray; lower part of breast, belly, and under tail-coverts, white, barred transversely with lead gray; vent, and under tail-coverts, also white, but the dark bars are less numerous; legs and

toes gamboge yellow." Unlike most birds, cuckoos do not pair, nor build nests, but always deposit their eggs in the nests of other birds—generally in those of the hedge-sparrow, water-wag-tail, or titlark, more frequently, however, in that of the hedge-sparrow. Considering the size of the bird, the egg of the cuckoo is remarkably small—a wise provision of nature, as it is always deposited in the nest of a bird inferior to it in point of size. The egg is about as large as that of the skylark, and varies very much in color, which is a pale reddish gray. "Some," says Dr. Jenner, "both in ground and penciling, very much resemble the house-sparrows, and some are indistinctly covered with bran-colored spots, and others marked with lines of black, resembling in some measure the eggs of the yellow-hammer."

So little was known of the natural history of the cuckoo rather less than a hundred years ago, that the Honorable Daines Barrington wrote an elaborate essay to show that cuckoos were not hatched and reared by other birds, and cited some instances of their tending their own offspring. The cuckoo lays several eggs during the season, but seldom, if ever, deposits more than one in the same nest. Sometimes two eggs are found in one nest, and Yarrell thinks that when this is the case they have been deposited by different birds. As soon as the young cuckoo is hatched it turns out the young, or the eggs, of its foster-parent; for this the peculiar shape of the back renders it singularly fitted. Of this operation Dr. Jenner cites an amusing example:

"June 18th, 1787. I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which then contained a cuckoo's and three hedge-sparrow's eggs. On inspecting it the day following I found the bird was hatched, but that the nest now contained only a young cuckoo and one young hedge-sparrow. The nest was placed so near the extremity of a hedge that I could distinctly see what was going forward in it; and to my astonishment saw the young cuckoo, though so newly hatched, in the act of turning out the young hedge-sparrow. The mode of accomplishing this was very curious. The little animal, with the assistance of its rump and wings, contrived to get the bird upon its back, and making a lodgment for the business by elevating its elbows, clambered backward with it up the side of the nest till it reached the top, where, resting for a moment, it threw off the load with a jerk, and quite disengaged it from the nest. It remained in this situation, feeling about with the extremities of its wings, as if to be convinced whether the business was properly executed, and then dropped into the nest again. With these (the extremities of the wings) I have often seen it examine, as it were, an egg and nestling before it began its operations, so that the nice sensibility which these parts appeared to possess seemed sufficiently to compensate for the want of light, which as yet it was destitute of. I afterward put in an egg, and this, by a similar process, was conveyed to the edge of the nest and thrown out."

He also tells us an amusing anecdote of two cuckoos contending for the ownership of the same nest. Two cuckoos and a hedge-sparrow were hatched in the same nest. "In a few hours after a contest began between the cuckoos for the possession of the nest, which continued undetermined till the next afternoon, when one of them, which was somewhat superior in size, turned out the other, together with the young hedge-sparrow, and an unhatched egg. This contest was very remarkable. The combatants alternately appeared to have the advantage, as each carried the other several times nearly to the top of the nest, and then sank down again, oppressed by the weight of its burden, till at length, after various efforts, the strongest prevailed, and was afterward brought up by the hedge-sparrows." The disposition of the young cuckoo to turn out its companions begins to cease when it is about twelve days old. Shakespeare alludes to the cuckoo's being brought up by the hedge-sparrow, and attributes to it an unjustifiable amount of ingratitude—

"The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young."

A notion prevails in many parts that the hedge-sparrow is at last swallowed by the cuckoo!

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"JENKS, I am going to raise your rent," said a landlord to his tenant.
"Thank you," said Jenks, "for I'm blessed if I can raise it myself."

A DENTIST presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skunk.
"It strikes me," says the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill."

"Yes," replies the dentist; "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and I have called now to get it squared."

A LITTLE boy upon whom his mother was inflicting personal chastisement, said:
"Give me two or three licks more, mother. I don't think I can behave well yet."

How to make a pair of pants last. Make the coat and vest first.

BUTCHERS "dress to kill."

WITHOUT the deer ladies we should be but a stag-nation.

WHAT kind of paper resembles a sneeze? Tissue paper.

A COLPORTEUR says he could always find sinners because he tried to tract 'em.

WHEN does a woman's tongue go quickest? When it is on a railroad.

WHAT two letters would destroy all the others, if allowed to do so? D K.

WHY is the freight of a ship like a locomotive? Because it makes the cargo.

WHY is the letter S like thunder? Because it makes our cream sour cream.

WHEN is Echo like a visiting acquaintance? When she returns your call.

A WOMAN begins to have a great antipathy to dates when she finds herself out of date.

LITTLE girls believe in the man in the moon—big girls believe in a man in the honey-moon.

"WHAT did you give for that horse, neighbor?"
"My note."
"Well, that was cheap."

THERE is a boy down East, who is accustomed to go out on a railroad track and imitate the steam whistle so perfectly as to deceive the officer at the station. His last attempt proved eminently successful: the depot master came out and "switched" him off.

A good story is told of a Frenchman, who went into a lawyer's office one day and told a clerk that he wanted to look at a "shall."
"A shall," said the astonished auditor; "a shall—oh, a will, you mean."
"Eb, bien—it is all the same, a will or a shall."

"WHEN are you going to commence the pork business?" asked one person of another who had a city on his eye.
"Explain yourself, sir," said the afflicted gentleman.
"Why, I see that you have your sty quite ready."
"True," was the reply, "and I've one hog in my eye now."

POOR ECONOMY.

"Many a man, for love of self,
To stuff his coffers, starve himself;
Labors, accumulates and spares,
To lay up ruin for his heirs;
Grudges the poor their scanty dole;
Saves everything—except his soul!"

THE DOCTOR.

A doctor well-skilled in the medical art,
Amongst others, for Europe, resolved to depart,
And leave his domestic concerns.
"But what will become of the patients, the while?"
"Oh, fear not," a neighbor replied, with a smile,
"They will live—till the doctor returns!"

"SCRE," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present from his employer, "I always meant to do my duty."
"I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."
"I thank your honor," replied Pat: "and may all your friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally."

The great secret of success in business is to get "the ring of the true metal—Printer's Zinc."

WHY is an offering like a matrimonial engagement? Because it begins with an offer and ends with a ring.

It is surely time that the idea of Bacon having written Shakespeare's works was played out. It is all gammon.

EXCITED Frenchman at Niagara Falls: "Ah, this is de grand spectacle! Superb! Magnifique! By Gad! he is come down first-rate!"

The man who has got into the habit of bowing to nearly everybody he meets may be pretty safely set down as a mod fellow.

LADIES are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" when once set "going."

"My opinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as dies upon a washing-day does it out of pure spite."

A FOOTMAN, proud of his grammar, ushered into the drawing-room a Mr. Foot and his two daughters, with this introduction, "Mr. Foot and the two Misses Feet!"

WHEN Hamlet spoke of making his quietus with a bare bodkin, it is evident he meant to try the eupathic mode of getting rid of the many flies his flesh was heir to.

MODES OF WEARING THE HAIR.—The coiffure of the Roman ladies was at one time not unlike that which we see in the portraits of our great-grandmothers painted by Gainsborough and Reynolds, though instead of powdering their dark hair with white, they used yellow ochre, and the wealthy even went into the extravagance of using gold-dust. The great rage appears to have been for light hair; no doubt because Venus was always spoken of as golden-haired, and represented in her statues with gilt, or actually gold hair. To meet this fashionable taste, a large quantity of blonde hair was regularly imported from Germany. The Greeks and Romans regarded the hair with superstitious importance. Achilles cast a look into the tomb of Patroclus, according to the general custom. The Romans did not allow the hair of their sons to be cut before the completion of the seventh year, and after that not till another septennial period had elapsed. Brides cut off their tresses as an offering to the gods, and mothers dedicated a curl from their infant's head to the protecting deities.

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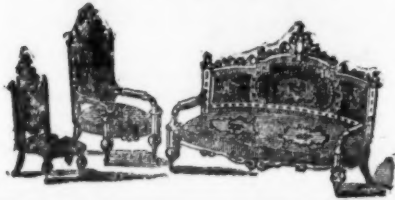
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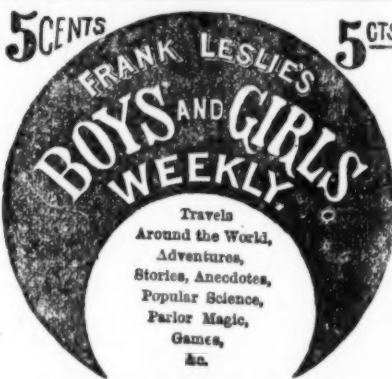
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MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 10 lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 20 lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them. Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Young Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

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GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house-keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. lb., and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

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Great American Tea Co.,

Nos. 31 & 33 Vesey-st., Cor. of Church.

Post Office Box, 5,645 New York City.

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the papers or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party exactly getting what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs, can have each party's name marked on their package, and directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by Express to collect on delivery.

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CLUB ORDER.

CHAGRIN FALLS, Ohio, Feb. 18, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Co., Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.:

GENTS.—The Box of Teas and Coffees I ordered of you, I received on the 7th inst. The Club are well pleased, so much so that some ten that sent for small supplies, wish to send for more. I have taken some pains to add to our numbers, therefore, I have been enabled to send you another order somewhat larger than the first. I hope to be enabled to establish a monthly club. Accept my thanks for complimentary package.

Please fill the following order, and send by Express to Chagrin Falls, Ohio, to be paid on delivery.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

1 lb Uncolored Japan.....	R. Barrows.....	\$1 25..	\$1 25
1 lb ".....	A. H. Rose.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Young Hyson Green.....	".....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Best Coffee.....	".....	40..	40
4 lb Coffee.....	P. Wallace.....	20..	80
2 lb Young Hyson Green.....	Charles Wilson.....	1 25..	2 50
2 lb Imperial.....	".....	1 25..	2 50
2 lb ".....	Thomas Sanders.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Young Hyson Green.....	".....	1 25..	1 25
2 lb Best Gunpowder.....	H. Robinson.....	1 50..	3 00
1 lb Uncolored Japan.....	M. King.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Young Hyson Green.....	M. Mills.....	1 25..	1 25
2 lb Fh. B'fast & Din Coffee.....	".....	30..	60
1 lb Young Hyson Green.....	E. C. P. King.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb ".....	Henry Church.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Best Gunpowder.....	E. F. Douglass.....	1 50..	1 50
1 lb English Breakfast Tea.....	E. Frost.....	1 20..	1 20
2 lb Fh. B'fast & D'n Coffee.....	".....	30..	60
2 lb Young Hyson Green.....	John Walworth.....	1 25..	2 50
1 lb Best Gunpowder.....	Ann Ward.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb ".....	Henry Bailey.....	1 50..	1 50
1 lb ".....	J. Bailey.....	1 50..	1 50
1 lb ".....	J. Schuyler.....	1 50..	1 50
1 lb Imperial Green.....	William Austin.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Young Hyson Green.....	J. Williams.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb ".....	L. Gates.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb ".....	D. Noonin.....	1 25..	3 75
1 lb ".....	M. Ward.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb ".....	H. Hubbel.....	1 25..	1 25
4 lb Coffee.....	Mary A. Cole.....	30..	80
1 lb Fh. B'fast & Din Coffee.....	S. G. Antislale.....	30..	30
4 lb ".....	".....	30..	1 20
1 lb Best Gunpowder.....	J. Hubbel.....	1 50..	1 50
1 lb Young Hyson Green.....	N. Shippey.....	1 25..	1 25
2 lb ".....	B. W. Gorkon.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb ".....	P. Mock.....	1 25..	2 50
1 lb ".....	J. R. Hackthorn.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb ".....	D. A. White.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Oolong.....	R. Waters.....	1 00..	1 00
1 lb Mixed Green & Black.....	".....	1 00..	1 00
1 lb Uncolored Japan.....	".....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb ".....	John S. Bullard.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb ".....	O. C. Bullard.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb ".....	A. Grinnell.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Best Gunpowder.....	E. C. Bullard.....	1 50..	1 50
1 lb ".....	John Bullwell.....	1 50..	1 50
1 lb Imperial Green.....	".....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Young Hyson Green.....	A. Siva.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Imperial Green.....	Henry Vincent.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Best Gunpowder.....	Julia Fish.....	1 50..	1 50

Total.....\$67 90

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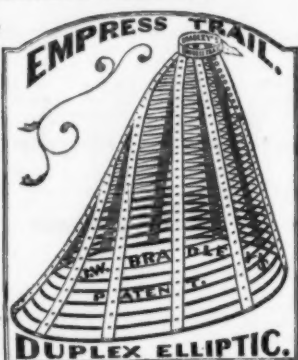
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